







# Together

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / JUNE 1965



*In this issue:*

- Backtracking Bishop Asbury in the Wyoming Valley
- TV Forecast • New Directions: Science and Religion
- His Congregation Is Behind Bars • Prayer Is Risky





*In the yard of the restored home, flowers bloom where Francis Asbury played as a boy more than two centuries ago.*

## 'A COTTAGE SMALL'

There are thousands of smiling cottages in old England, but for American Methodists none is more significant than this.

AN unpretentious cottage in England's geographic and industrial heart is a historic spot of special interest to American Methodists. It is the boyhood home of Francis Asbury, pioneer bishop who left England in 1771 to establish Methodism as a church in America.

The Asbury cottage in West Bromwich, near Birmingham, was taken over by the town council in

the late 1950s, and was officially dedicated a historic spot. The house, now open to tourists, has a caretaker living in a similar cottage attached to the home.

Born in 1745, Francis was the only surviving child of Joseph and Elizabeth Asbury. Converted while quite young, he served as a local preacher and worked as a blacksmith before responding to John

Wesley's declaration that: "Our brethren in America call aloud for help."

Few Methodist sites are more important than this little red-brick cottage, simply because the slender boy who grew up there was destined—during almost 45 years of labor on the American frontier—to lay the foundation for the largest body of Methodists in the world. □



## The Church in Action

*After a year of preparation*

# Negro Conferences DISSOLVED In the Northeast

**The News:** On May 13, Methodists of Delaware and Maryland's eastern shore came together for a historic meeting at Grace Church in Wilmington, Del. As the Peninsula Annual Conference convened, the first order of business was a uniting ceremony.

Negro Methodists, former members of the Central Jurisdiction's Delaware Conference, took seats as delegates with full privileges. Two weeks earlier, these representatives had dissolved their 101-year-old unit in preparation for the moment of merger.

In similar action on June 16, the Washington Conference, formerly of the Central Jurisdiction, will be united with the predominantly white Baltimore Annual Conference in a meeting at American University in Washington, D.C. The Baltimore Conference, like Peninsula, is a geographic entity of the Northeastern Jurisdiction's Washington Area, under episcopal supervision of Bishop John Wesley Lord.

Negro and white Methodists also are unifying early this summer at sessions of five other Northeastern Jurisdiction annual conferences—Philadelphia, Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and two in New Jersey. A positive plan for eliminating the Central Jurisdiction—Amendment IX to the Methodist Constitution—was ratified in April, 1958. Since that time, the Negro Methodist structure has been diminished by 613 churches and 125,000 lay members. The shrunken Central Jurisdiction now embraces 2,200 congregations and 248,000 members in southern sections of the United States.

**Drama at Syracuse:** Developments in the Northeastern Jurisdiction are significant steps toward a racially inclusive fellowship in The Methodist Church and culminate work which was set into motion a year ago. The scene was Syracuse, N.Y.,



*Symbolic handclasp: Two bishops who served in Africa, Newell S. Booth (left) and Prince A. Taylor, Jr., now are episcopal colleagues in the fully integrated Northeastern Jurisdiction.*

June 25, 1964. In an emotion-charged quadrennial session of the Northeastern Jurisdiction, Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of Pittsburgh, Pa., announced that the jurisdiction's 20 annual conferences had voted overwhelmingly to invite the transfer of the Delaware and Washington Conferences of the Central Jurisdiction.

The Northeastern body had asked delegates from the Central Jurisdiction's two conferences to be guests, and 10 of 18 were present. Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., recently returned from assignment in Liberia, rose to report that Central Jurisdiction annual conferences had voted by substantial majorities to release the Delaware and Washington Annual Conferences to unite with the Northeastern Jurisdiction.

**Negro Bishop Received:** The history-making transfer became official on declaration by Bishop Newell S. Booth who had himself returned from assignment in Africa's Congo and was presiding at the time. Moments later, Bishop Taylor was received from the Central Jurisdiction as a member of the Northeastern Jurisdiction's College of Bishops. Assigned to the New Jersey Area, he became the first Negro appointed to supervise a predominately white constituency.

These developments, at least a year ahead of expectations, came only a month after the 1964 General Conference had called for complete and final dissolution of the Central Jurisdiction no later than 1968. It was a moment of high drama, surprising to all but a few, but warmly welcomed. The Rev. Dennis Fletcher of Philadelphia, a spokesman for the transferring Central Jurisdiction annual conferences, mirrored the mood and outcome at Syra-



cuse by noting, "We came as guests; we leave as members."

The speed of the Northeastern Jurisdiction's action created what optimists call challenges, and realists recognize as problems. In that single stroke, some 500 churches, a bishop, 11 district superintendents, and 82,700 lay members were absorbed into the jurisdictional structure.

It was decided that organizational structure of the two Negro conferences would be kept intact temporarily so that the practical mechanics of merger—pension rates, minimum salaries, transfer of property, district boundary lines, interchange of appointments, and the like—could be worked out. Target date for abolishing the Central Jurisdiction conferences was set for July 1, 1965. For the one-year interim, all the Negro churches in six states were placed under supervision of Bishop Lord. Geographically, more than 400 of the 500 Negro churches, embracing about 50,000 members, fell within the boundaries of the Washington Area's Peninsula and Baltimore Conferences.

**Hinge of History:** Bishop Lord returned from the Syracuse meeting last year in the unique position of supervising two white and two Negro annual conferences, holding responsibility for blending the racially separate structures into two "color blind" units.

"There are times," he wrote in a pastoral letter, "when God 'bares his arm' and is seen to be redemptively at work in current happenings. Men call such hours turning points; historians call them 'hinges of history.' The very forces of history call us now to a new devotion, a new dimension, and a new dynamic."

Viewing the Northeastern Jurisdiction's mandate to eliminate racially separate but geographically overlapping conferences, *The Christian Century* editorialized earlier this year:

"The mechanics of these mergers and the working out of attending technical problems are matters internal to The Methodist Church and of interest primarily to Methodists; but the standards of thoroughness, integrity, and forthrightness which govern the mergers will interest and instruct all Christians who want to break the color line in the churches."

Steering committees were appointed to find tools for forging the Peninsula-Delaware and Baltimore-Washington Conferences into integrated units. The steering group for the Peninsula and Delaware Conferences, for example, was composed of 20 leaders from each of the two conferences. These are chairmen of the boards and agencies, lay leaders, conference Woman's Society of Chris-

tian Service presidents, the eight district superintendents, and others. About 20 subcommittees have been grappling with details of merger machinery, some of them right up to annual conference deadlines.

These joint working committees have drawn heavily on reservoirs of goodwill built up between the races over many years. The first step toward a successful merger was a 1961 meeting between Negro and white churchmen in the Washington-Baltimore vicinity. Led by Bishop Lord and now-retired Central Jurisdiction Bishop Edgar A. Love, Methodist leaders considered questions such as: Why is segregation wrong? What is keeping Methodists of different skin color apart? What are the specific areas of racial misunderstanding? What can be done to work for unity and brotherhood?

This encounter opened the door to a growing number of contacts in which Negro and white Methodists came to know and respect one another. These included joint conference board and agency meetings; pulpit and choir exchanges; interracial meetings, training sessions, and seminars for youth, women, and men; white churches receiving Negro members; and united efforts to meet local problems such as housing, health, and welfare.

**Merger Details Develop:** When the transfer of the former Central Jurisdiction conferences received mutual approval, the steering committees with their subcommittees turned at once to the task of implementing an already framed general statement of standards for merger.

Many matters still are being ironed out, but the scope of merger plans and their clear intent to erase color lines is reflected at all levels. While each annual conference must approve its own merger details, the same general standards are virtually certain to be adopted by all. Among them:

- All conference and district boards, agencies, and committees will be racially integrated, although not on a strict percentage or quota basis. In the organization of the annual conference, all laymen will have the same status and opportunities without regard to race or color.

- Camping facilities, although integrated on a partial basis for several years, will be more open in the future. All conference and district plans for service, study, and worship will be formulated to reach all Methodists.

- Membership in every local Methodist church will be open to all who seek admission. Here and there, Negroes will be joining what have been white churches; whites will be joining

what have been Negro churches, though this is not likely to be a large-scale movement.

- Appointments of pastors will be made as in the past; district superintendents and bishops will name to each charge the particular pastor who in their judgment can best meet its needs and render effective service. (Of the 14 district superintendents in the integrated Peninsula and Baltimore Conferences, four will be Negroes serving districts where all-white churches are in the majority.)

- All institutions (hospitals, homes, colleges) related to the merged annual conferences will offer services and opportunity for employment without regard to race, color, or national origin.

- The minimum salary schedule in force in the white conferences at the time of merger will be adopted by the enlarged conferences. All ministers of the merged conferences will enjoy the same status, rights, and privileges. Recruitment for the ministry will disregard race, color, and national background.

- Pension rates for Negro ministers, which have been considerably below those for white ministers, will be raised to the higher level. The Northeastern Jurisdiction already has voted to spread the increased cost of these pension payments among all 20 of its conferences, rather than placing it largely on Peninsula and Baltimore which are receiving the bulk of the transfers.

**The Task Ahead:** Viewing progress in the Northeastern Jurisdiction, one minister observes that "the winds of change have seemed more like the hot breath of the Holy Spirit than the tornado some had feared." Still, plenty of people have their fingers crossed. Even the most hopeful realize that no church policy or program can grow and flourish until it takes root in Christian hearts and minds of local congregations. The big task lies ahead.

"We must now go to work," admonishes Bishop Lord, "in our communities and in our churches and in the depths of our hearts to eliminate the final strongholds of intolerance and hatred. The entire church and the world will be watching."

### Offer Loans for New Sites

A new, short-term loan service to aid churches in purchasing sites for new buildings is being made available by the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions.

Churches will be able to borrow up to 80 percent of the cost of a site at 5½ percent interest. Loans will be for a maximum of five years.



## Methodists in Midst of Voting-Rights Struggle

Methodist support—in both word and action—for voting rights without regard to race or color was probably best symbolized this spring by a Methodist minister trudging five days and 50 miles down a well-publicized stretch of highway between Selma and Montgomery, Ala.

He was the Rev. Rodney Shaw of Washington, D.C., a native of Arkansas who volunteered and was accepted as one of the 300 persons to make the entire protest trek.

Shrugging off a blazing sun, heavy rains, mud, and blisters on feet unaccustomed to such a hike, Mr. Shaw said that living and marching with the demonstrators had given him a new "fire and insight." The Board of Christian Social Concerns staff member marveled at the lack of bitterness among Negroes. "I kept wondering as I walked along," he said, "if I could be as forgiving if I had shared their lot."

Marching beside Shaw in spirit were a host of Methodist leaders, agencies, and groups. In fact, hundreds of church laymen and ministers representing every section of the country were among the thousands who marched at both ends of the route.

One group climaxed the march by meeting with Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson, who supervises white Methodist churches in Alabama. The Rev. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary of the Board of Christian Social Concerns, termed their conversation "fine and constructive." Bishop Charles F. Golden, who presides over Negro Methodist churches in Alabama, was one of the group's leaders.

Meantime, statements in support of voting equality were adopted by the executive committee of the Board of



*The Rev. Rodney Shaw, Selma marcher: Under a blazing Alabama sun on the road to Montgomery, time out to nurse blisters on weary feet.*

Christian Social Concerns in Chicago; and by the 10 active bishops of the Southeastern Jurisdiction, meeting at Louisville, Ky.

The Social Concerns statement expressed strong support for the Alabama march, and commended "efforts of Methodists in the South who are witnessing and working for the achievement of good race relations." It noted that patterns of entrenched discrimination deny the Negro status as a first-class citizen in every section of the nation. While reminding that The Methodist Church has declared official support of orderly demonstrations against discriminatory practices, it also urged conversations between Methodists with varied viewpoints.

The Southeastern bishops urged that voting qualifications be the same for all people, deplored the use of violence to solve any problem, called for increased communication between races, and pointed to the Christian community's "immediate obligation to offer enlightened leadership" to solve human relations problems.

More than a dozen staff members from several national boards of the church were in Alabama for various phases of the march and its aftermath. Methodist Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis, vice-chairman of the National Council of Churches' Commission on Religion and Race, headed a delegation participating in a Selma memorial service for the late Rev. James J. Reeb. Others, such as Bishop John Wesley Lord, Washington, D.C.,

went to Alabama as individuals, responding to the call of conscience and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Some annual conferences sent delegates to the march and about 60 representatives of the Methodist Student Movement visited Negro homes in Montgomery to rally participation for the demonstration finale.

## Up From the Ashes . . .

Since January, Negro and white college students have been toiling side by side to rebuild Mississippi Negro churches bombed and burned during last summer's civil rights activity.

Their volunteer work is a new program of the interfaith, biracial Committee of Concern. The Rev. Jack M. Loflin of Jackson, head of youth work for the Southeastern Jurisdiction's Mississippi Conference, directs the student project.

The collegians, mostly Mississippians but from as far away as New York, help with painting, cleaning, decorating, and landscaping. Volunteers were so numerous for the Easter vacation that not all could be assigned to work projects for lack of construction supervisors.

The Committee of Concern was set up last September to channel funds and other aid to destroyed and damaged Negro churches all over Mississippi.

Dr. William P. Davis, president of

## Seek Saddle-Wise Parson

As a circuit-riding Methodist bishop, Francis Asbury crossed the Alleghenies 60 times. Now The Methodist Church needs a preacher on horseback to do it just once.

His journey will begin at McKendree Chapel in Missouri and end at Baltimore, Md., as part of the bicentennial observance of Methodism, April 21-24, 1966. The 30-day ride will reenact a similar pilgrimage which marked the church's 100th anniversary in 1866.

The minister-horseman, wearing a real or artificial beard and clerical garb of a century ago, will pass several Methodist shrines en route to Baltimore. He will lodge in Methodist parsonages and use different horses the church hopes to borrow along the way.

For what it is worth, the man making the 1866 ride soon afterward became a bishop. But all the preacher now being sought can count on is expenses and a rugged respite from pulpit duties of his church.

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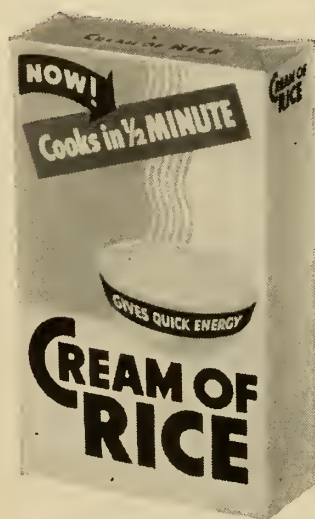
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**TASTES SO GOOD  
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Mississippi Baptist Seminary and chairman of the committee reports that \$76,000 has been received from every state and 17 foreign countries. An estimated \$35,000 worth of skilled labor has been donated. More than \$60,000 has been paid out to aid in rebuilding 22 of 38 burned churches. Nine churches have been totally restored. Work should be completed by mid-summer.

Methodist Bishop Edward J. Pendergrass of Jackson is chairman of the Committee of Concern's executive body, composed of 15 Negro and 10 white churchmen.

### *Blend Religion, Medicine*

The world's only graduate school teaching the interrelation of medicine and religion observed its 10th anniversary this spring by installing its first dean.

New dean of the Institute of Religion in Houston, Texas, is Dr. Granger Westberg, formerly of the University of Chicago, where he was the only minister in the U.S. to teach in a medical school.

Dr. Dawson Bryan, president, explains the institute's unique role of offering instruction and inspiration to physicians, nurses, ministers, and medical students.

"We are pioneering a field," he says, "which offers great promise of helping people through their most difficult times of hospitalization and personal problems."

The Institute of Religion was established by the Texas Medical Center in co-operation with theological seminaries of five denominations, including Perkins School of Theology, at Southern Methodist University, Dallas.

### *MPH Honors Old Churches*

When The Methodist Publishing House celebrated its 175th birthday last year, it shared the spotlight with more than 225 Methodist churches at least as old.

A surprising number of present-day churches were in existence when the Book Concern, forerunner of The Methodist Publishing House, was organized in 1789. (In U.S. history, 1789 was the year Washington became president.)

Although the majority of Methodism's oldest churches are located near the Atlantic Coast, six in the 175-years-or-older category were found as far west as Kentucky and Tennessee in the survey conducted by MPH's personnel and public relations unit.

In recognition of those institutions that have shared its long-standing service to Methodism, the publishing house has awarded citations to each church that was in existence "as an active congregation in 1789."

Virginia, with more than 4 churches 175 years or older, received the greatest number of citations. The Peninsula Conference, comprising Delaware and part of Maryland, received 30 citations. Others went to churches in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, West Virginia, Connecticut and Georgia.

Methodism's oldest churches, each tracing its origin back into the 1760s, include: John Street, New York; Leesburg, Va.; St. George's, Philadelphia and Mount Zion, Silver Spring, Md.

Because there was Methodist preaching and the formation of Methodist societies in America long before the Declaration of Independence was adopted in 1776, many of the churches receiving citations from the publishing house are older than the nation itself.

### *On the Air: Night Call*

Night owls, insomniacs, and late-shift workers have a nodding acquaintance with late-night and early-morning radio programs which invite listeners to telephone questions and comments on everything from raising African violets to running the federal government.

With *Night Call*, which first went out over the airwaves April 26, Methodism inaugurated the first nationwide late-night audience-participation program keyed to a single, serious topic.

The hour-long, issue-oriented broadcast is heard starting at 2:05 A.M. (EDT) Monday through Friday over three 50,000-watt, clear-channel stations whose collective signals span the country—WBAL in Baltimore, WHO in Des Moines, and KSL in Salt Lake City.

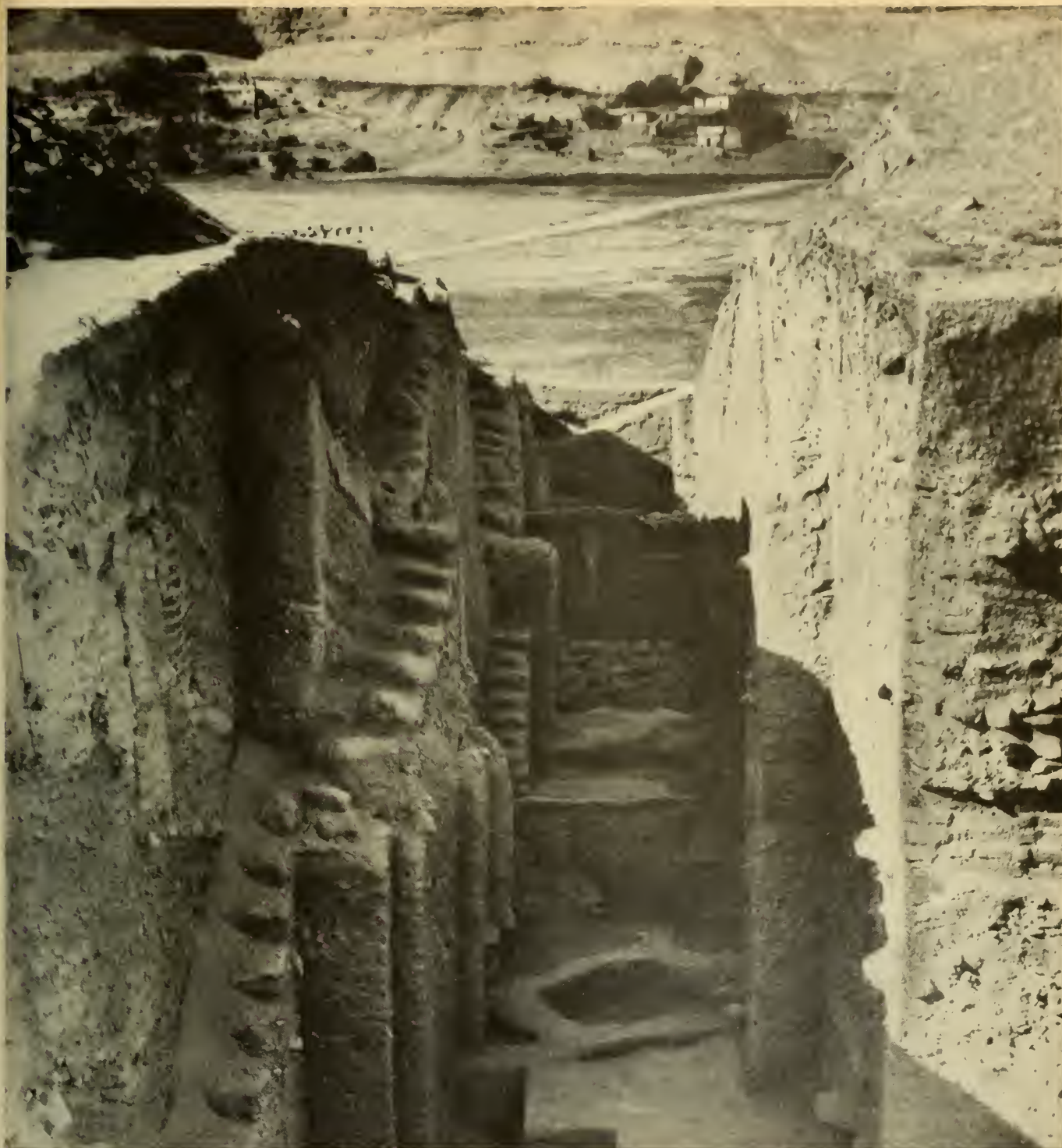
The three stations are interconnected by telephone lines so that listeners may call in for on-the-air conversations with national leaders and leading authorities on a wide variety of issues important to the church and nation.

The general program format calls for one of the three station hosts to interview the guest of the evening, pinpointing a specific area of discussion. Then listener calls are directed to the guest by hosts in the other two cities.

The Rev. Stanley F. Knock, Jr., former minister of education at Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church in Washington, D.C., is producer of *Night Call*. He describes the new radio venture as "designed to attract the listener who prefers to hear and participate in stimulating conversation about issues which concern his daily life."

*Night Call* is aimed at the person who is up at night because of occupa-





## Stand where Joshua fought the Battle of Jericho

Listen. You can almost hear the trumpets that brought the walls of Jericho tumbling down. For thousands of years, time has stood still here. Today you can stroll through its most inspiring moments.

You are here in Jordan where Elisha made the bitter waters sweet. Where John the Baptist preached, and baptized Jesus. You can climb the Mount of Temptation, overlooking Jericho, where Satan tempted Jesus after His forty-day fast.

Nearby lies the Dead Sea where the earliest seeds of Christian literature were

planted. Old Jerusalem is just twenty-five minutes away.

Distances are small in Jordan, the Holy Land—and all of religious history is crowded here. Places you have read about are suddenly real: Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the hills of Gilead. Jordan is not so much a pilgrimage as an adventure of the soul.

At the same time, in a land of incredibly old cities such as Jericho, you will find first-class hotels, good restaurants, shopping, conveniences—and low prices.

The “second language” is English. The people are hospitable, and they like Americans. And you are only a short hop by plane from the capitals of Europe, or by ship to the Eastern Mediterranean. Plan your trip of a lifetime now to historic Jordan, the Holy Land.

For free Jordan folders, complete with illustrations, maps, and suggested tours, write Jordan Travel Information, Box T-65, 530 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 36, N.Y., Tel: PL 5-3431 (Code 212). Or see your travel agent. Visit the Jordan Pavilion, New York World's Fair.

HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND





## If you leave no will, your whole lifetime of Christian stewardship can be wiped out overnight

All your life you've been faithful in your use of this world's goods. While your children were still in their cribs you began saving for their education. Through modest investments you've provided them a debt-free home and extra income for a "rainy day". You've made it a rule to give back to God through His church a substantial portion of the good things He has given you.

*But suppose you leave no will? Or suppose you leave only a "do-it-yourself" will, scribbled off and tucked away in the desk? What happens at your life's end? Depending on local laws, the state may provide only meagerly for your loved ones. There'll be little chance of your church receiving the help you'd like to provide it after your death.*

The World Division of the Board of Missions recommends you consider making it the beneficiary of a bequest, with the stipulation that annuity agreements be issued to your loved ones upon your death. In this way, you will provide them an assured income with substantial tax savings and free them of the burdens of estate management. Upon their deaths, your earthly treasure will serve the church perpetually, spreading the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

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tion, illness, or habit. Mr. Knock points out that national statistics indicate people in about 8.2 million U.S. homes listen to late-night radio as much as 4 hours and 44 minutes every week.

The program is produced by Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission in co-operation with the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches, and the three stations. Dr. Harry C. Spencer is TRAFCO general secretary.

The \$90,000 projected annual production cost of the program is being funded by The Methodist Church. (Iowa Methodists have selected *Night Call* for special financial support.) The three stations are providing free broadcast time, and the use of station facilities and staff.

### Rush Aid to Quake Victims

Hours after an intense earthquake hit Chile this spring, leaving 270 persons dead and hundreds more injured and homeless, relief supplies from Methodist sources arrived on the devastated scene.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR), working through Church World Service, relief arm of The National Council of Churches, distributed food, medicines, clothing, and blankets from stockpiles already in Chile. Cooking utensils, vitamins, and more blankets were airlifted to the stricken 100-square-mile area in and around Santiago.

The World Council of Churches made an appeal for \$200,000 in emergency aid funds for those made homeless by the quake. Part will be used to build churches and social centers in new communities planned by the Chilean government.

### To Tackle Northern Ghettos

Civil rights emphasis this summer will shift from South to North to a large extent, and action programs in urban ghettos will replace street demonstrations, a National Council of Churches executive has predicted.

Dr. Robert W. Spike, who heads the NCC's Commission on Religion and Race, described a pilot project being launched in Cleveland to help local citizens set up a program of voter registration and citizenship training.

The educational approach is designed to stimulate development of Negro political power in northern cities despite big obstacles: political machines that allow token Negro representation but resist large-scale influence, and disagreement between Negro groups.

Churches have a "crucial opportunity," said Dr. Spike, warning that America's Negro youth will remain in permanent rebellion unless churches help them find effective and responsi-

ble ways of protesting their real grievances as citizens.

Defending the race commission's civil rights involvement in many demonstrations and programs, in the face of resistance within the NCC member churches, the council executive said, "We have tried to avoid grandstanding, although at times a public witness has been an absolute necessity."

### Urge Family Planning Drive

In the approaching world population crisis, Methodists have a moral responsibility to see that their communities have family planning facilities.

This opinion was expressed by Winfield Best, executive vice-president of Planned Parenthood-World Population, during a recent seminar sponsored by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns in New York City.

Methodism, he pointed out, was the first denomination to acknowledge family planning as a moral necessity.

At the present rate of population growth, estimates are that 20 billion people will inhabit the world by A.D. 2050. By 2065, there will be one billion persons in the United States alone.

Christian ministers have been lax in acquainting their congregations with the disastrous implications of the rising tide of population, said Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, gynecologist and president of the Planned Parenthood-World Population organization. They have not made counseling on family planning widely available, nor led in establishing family-planning centers.

The U.S. government, through the Agency for International Development, is now honoring requests from any country for family-planning assistance, up to providing contraceptive devices.

The basic problem of overpopulated countries is how to achieve a standard of living consistent with the ability to progress.

In mission fields, the need for family planning help is so urgent, declared William Strong, planned parenthood consultant for Church World Service, that people must overcome any reticence to talk about it.

The seminar also urged the church to provide children with sex education in a Christian context.

[For further insight on population explosion, birth control, and responsible parenthood, see January issue.]

### Need 'Loving Troublemakers'

Today's deaconesses must renew their crusade as "loving troublemakers," using superior skills and unorthodox methods.



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1. _____	_____	_____	_____	_____
2. _____	_____	_____	_____	_____
3. _____	_____	_____	_____	_____
4. _____	_____	_____	_____	_____

To the best of your knowledge and belief, are you and all members listed above in good health and free from any physical impairment, or disease? Yes ☐ No ☐

To the best of your knowledge, have you or any member above listed had medical advice or treatment, or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes ☐ No ☐ If so, please give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician, and whether fully recovered.

Neither I nor any person listed above uses tobacco or alcoholic beverages, and I hereby apply for a policy based on the understanding that the policy does not cover conditions originating prior to its effective date, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Signed **X** \_\_\_\_\_

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They must again trouble the complacent and self-indulgent by being inventive and venturesome, as were many of the original founders of the deaconess movement. This challenge by Dr. J. Edward Carothers, associate general secretary of the National Division, Methodist Board of Missions, was put to the recent fourth National Convocation of Methodist Deaconesses in Cincinnati, Ohio.

He called for more committed women, trained in the newest skills of Christian ministry, proficient in community organization and planning, in working with poverty-stricken persons and alcoholics in the inner city, and in developing constructive uses of leisure.

Dr. Carothers also urged deaconesses to take a more active part in secular groups, such as labor unions, civil, political, and agricultural organizations, Parent-Teacher Associations, and the civil rights movement.

### Church College Grant Upheld

The \$500,000 state grant for a science wing and dining hall at Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., did not violate the state or U.S. Constitution, a county court at Annapolis, Md., has ruled.

The court declared that the state's appropriation of \$2.5 million for the Methodist-related and three other church-related colleges was nonreligious since the grants were mostly for construction of science buildings.

The case is expected to be appealed, eventually reaching the U.S. Supreme Court, as a landmark in determination of church-state relations.

### Methodists in the News

Dr. Leon M. Adkins, general secretary, Division of the Local Church, Methodist Board of Education, recently received Boston University's Distinguished Alumnus Award for his contribution to Christian education.

General John P. McConnell, Booneville, Ark., new chief of staff for the United States Air Force, is a Methodist layman and former classmate of Bishop Paul V. Galloway.

Professor Ray Mizer of DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., is the author of the "best religious drama" in national competition conducted by the Methodist Board of Lay Activities. *Unto the Least of These* will be presented July 10 at Purdue University during the National Conference of Methodist Men.

J. Clinton Hawkins, St. Louis, Missouri East Conference lay leader, was reelected to his sixth one-year term as chairman of the national board of the YMCAs of the United States.



Construction of this proposed International Christian Fellowship Center in Brussels, Belgium, will begin in July. Under Protestant Pastor Pieter Fagel, the center will provide facilities for worship, prayer, travel, and housing for visitors of all faiths from around the world, and also be open to 5,000 headquarters employees of the European Common Market in Brussels. Worship will be in four languages.

### A Vacation Amid Poverty

In contrast to thousands of students who caroused on Florida beaches, 39 students from Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., spent their spring vacation living with and studying the problems of America's underprivileged.

One group lived with 2,000 migrant laborers in Hereford, Texas; another worked in the Jefferson Park parish of New York's East Harlem; and the third in the Church of the Open Door parish in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, N.Y.

### Mexico Sends Missionaries

Bishop Alejandro Ruiz placed his hands on the heads of Dr. and Mrs. Ulises Hernandez and prayed. Then the congregation rushed forward to give them affectionate *abrazos* (hugs).

The husband-wife team had just been commissioned by Mexico's Methodist Church as missionaries to Ecuador. Their commissioning is fruit of a growing concept that every church body should be both a sending and receiving station for foreign missionaries.

Physician-Pastor Hernandez and his wife, Ponchita, are the first to be sent out by an agency representing 10 Latin American churches. Work by the young couple in Ecuador will add to Methodist missions the 11th country in Latin America and the 48th around the world.

Dr. and Mrs. Hernandez will be supported entirely by Latin American Methodists, including their salary, travel, work budget, and other needs. In going out from Mexico, the two



join a small but increasing number of missionaries from churches established in Asia, Europe, and Africa by U.S. Methodism.

The Board of Missions in New York City hopes there will be more. Methodist and Methodist-related churches overseas are being encouraged to send out their own ministers, doctors, and teachers so the church's world missionary force may become truly international.

### Redefine Term for Objectors

Belief in a supreme being other than the Judeo-Christian God may now be a basis for exemption from military service, according to a recent United States Supreme Court decision.

Though excluding political, sociological, and philosophical views, the court held that a 1948 amendment to the Universal Military Training Act, using the term "Supreme Being" rather than "God," clarified the meaning of religious training and belief so as "to embrace all religions."

In 1964, the Methodist General Conference had expressed similar belief that "all sincere conscientious objectors should be granted recognition . . . regardless of whether they profess religious grounds."

### Build New-Concept Church

A five-story Methodist church building, which will also serve people of "any or no denomination," now is under construction in Rosslyn, Va., across the Potomac from the nation's capital.

Besides a sanctuary-auditorium that can be converted into a convention center, the building will also have a number of counseling rooms open 24

hours a day and a chapel at the top.

Counseling will be available on family problems, alcoholism, education, rural issues, and community affairs.

Rosslyn Methodists, who have been worshiping in a motel, thus hope to offer a "completely revolutionary concept in spiritual services."

### Once Thieves, Now 'Tigers'

Eight Korean boys in one Boy Scout troop from a Methodist-related orphanage in Seoul are among 18 youths who have made Tiger Scouts (equivalent to Eagle Scout) in Korean Scouting's 43-year history.

Begging and thievery are a means of survival among Korea's homeless youngsters. Credit for aiding these boys is being given to a young Methodist missionary from Kansas, Jack Theis, and the home he helped develop for youths unacceptable at other orphanages.

At the Tiger award ceremony, Mr. Theis received a medal and certificate of appreciation for his help and interest in Troop 59 and Korean Scouting.

The home, Angels' Haven, supported by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, has aided in the education and rehabilitation of 150 homeless youngsters.

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### CENTURY CLUB

These Methodist centenarians join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. They are:

Lewis G. Nice, 100, West Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. Laura Akers, 100, Lafayette, Ind.

Miss Lillie Blaisdell, 100, Farmer City, Ill.

Mrs. Ida McPheron, 100, Lima, Ohio

Mrs. Irene Henry, 100, Dallas, Texas

Mrs. Matilda Pennington, 100, Ainsworth, Nebr.

Mrs. Minnie M. Williams, 100, Sunbury, Ohio

Miss Maude Worts, 100, Denver, Colo.

When nominating a person for the Century Club, please give present address; birth date, and where the nominee has church membership.





# WHO IS

THE RIGHT TO VOTE is fundamental to the operation of democratic government. To deny the vote to any citizen solely because of race is to destroy a vital means for seeking a remedy to unjust treatment in that society. Churchmen should seek the removal of every racial barrier to voting.

—Paragraph 1824 C.2

*Discipline of The Methodist Church*

“We affirm the legality and right of those minorities who are oppressed, anywhere in the world, to protest, to assemble in public, and to agitate ‘for redress of grievances,’ provided this is done in an orderly way.” (Council of Bishops, Detroit, Michigan, November 13, 1963.) A public march or other demonstration as a dramatic petition for attention and justice is in line with the principles and practices of a free society. When such orderly protests are undertaken, the goal should be clearly identifiable.

When resort to orderly, responsible, nonviolent public demonstrations by those engaged in the struggle for racial justice provokes violent retaliation on the part of police or onlookers, the blame for the violence should be placed on the violent, and not on the peaceable demonstrators. On the other hand, any demonstration that turns itself to violence takes to itself the same blame. . . . Christians have long recognized that after exhausting every reasonable legal means for redress of grievances, the individual is faced with the moral and legal dilemma of whether or not his peculiar circumstances require obedience to “God rather than men.” There are instances in the current struggle for racial justice when responsible Christians cannot avoid such a decision. Whenever legal recourse for the redress of grievances exists, the responsible Christian will obtain the best available legal and religious counsel for his dilemma. In rare instances, where recourse is unavailable or inadequate for redress of grievances from laws or their application that, on their face, are unjust or immoral, the Christian conscience will “obey God rather than men.”

—Paragraph 1824 C.8

*Discipline of The Methodist Church*





# RESPONSIBLE?





# TV Forecast, 1965:

## More of the Same, Alas!

By TERRY TURNER

Radio-TV Columnist, *Chicago Daily News*

TELEVISION viewers today are in a spot not unlike the gambler who patronized a poker game known to be crooked. Asked if he knew the game was fixed, he replied:

"Certainly. But it's the only game in town."

If network television—"the only game in town"—left you glassy-eyed this season with its innocuous menu, don't get your hopes up for next fall. Advance scheduling information released this spring by the three major networks indicates we will be getting more of the same.

The reason, quite simply, is another "only game in town"—the ratings system by which major television programming decisions are made. The tragic fact is that children dominate the game.

### *The Ratings-Go-Round*

Few viewers understand ratings or how they are compiled or how viewers in 1,200 homes can reflect accurately what people are watching in the nation's 53 million television homes. And yet, this is the ratings story in a nutshell.

A small machine called an "audimeter" is attached to TV sets in about 1,200 American homes. It automatically records when a set is on, and the channel to which it is tuned. Audimeter tapes then are sent to the A. C. Nielsen Company in Chicago, where the information is translated into figures, tabulated, and compiled for the Nielsen rating reports issued every two weeks.

There is nothing wrong with having ratings. Television is a business and, like any business, it must have sales reports. Statisticians

staunchly defend the claim that a sampling of only 1,200 homes can reflect the television tastes of 195 million Americans—assuming, of course, that the 1,200 homes have been scientifically selected and represent an accurate cross section of the national population.

On the other hand, even research experts in advertising agencies and networks will admit, off the record, to having doubts about ratings. These doubts were increased about a year ago during congressional hearings which revealed that some rating services had faked reports, making up the figures.

Even the respected Nielsen Company came in for criticism, the basic one being that the Nielsen sample of 1,200 homes was based on outdated census information. Nielsen people quickly updated their sample, which at least changed the nature of the imbalance.

During part of the 1964-65 season, however, the Nielsen Co. sample included more homes with children than the national average. Obviously, programs that appealed to youngsters began to show up more strongly on the ratings than they deserved.

For several seasons, it has been almost impossible for a series to make the so-called "top 10" unless it is accepted by children. And these are the programs that advertising agencies, advertisers, and networks insist on imitating when drawing up future plans.

### *The Top Shows*

What are the nation's most popular programs? Here is one list based on ratings this spring:

*Bonanza* is the overwhelming leader, marking up an incredible 40.3 rating on the report. This means that of all the television homes in the nation, 40.3 percent—more than 21 million—were tuned to *Bonanza* during any average minute it was on the air.

Other leaders in order: *Gomer Pyle* (in second place with a 31.8 rating); *The Fugitive*; *Gilligan's Island*; *Andy Griffith*; *Bewitched*; *Lucy*; *Walt Disney*; *Red Skelton*; a *Bob Hope Comedy Hour*; *Combat*; *Peyton Place* (Thursday edition); a *Danny Thomas Special*; *Flipper*; *Dick Van Dyke*; *Beverly Hillsbillies*; *Petticoat Junction*; *Peyton Place* (Tuesday edition); *Lassie*.

Note that almost all are broad slapstick or melodramatic—precisely the factors that delight young viewers. (Obvious exceptions are *Peyton Place* and *The Fugitive*.) For example, children often love situation comedies far more than such so-called children's shows as *Lassie* and *Walt Disney*.

This is why network television gives us as many as three dozen half-hour situation comedies each week in the prime-time hours—7:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. And this is why *Red Skelton* and *Gilligan's Island* and *Lucy* and *Jackie Gleason* will survive for another year, while *The Defenders*, *For the People*, and other adult dramas will be drowned in a sea of video comic books.

Note this: Television next season will have only *one* serious weekly dramatic series of a purely adult nature, with a discernible point of view about the modern world—



# TV'S TOP TEN

and it almost was cancelled. A last-minute reprieve will bring back *Slattery's People*, no prize example of serious television drama because of its frustrating tendency to approach a problem and then slide away from a moral resolution of it.

Virtually everything else in the prime-time schedule will be comedy, melodrama, action-adventure, comedy-adventure, or variety.

Fortunately, at this writing two documentary efforts remain on the weekly prime-time schedule, with CBS bringing back *CBS Reports* (at 10:00 p.m., EST, Tuesdays) and ABC is planning, tentatively, to bring back *ABC Scope* (at 10:30 p.m., EST, Saturdays).

More than ever before in the entertainment spectrum of television, the big sponsors are determining what we'll be seeing. Sponsors understandably want the largest possible audiences for their commercials. The shame is that networks will cater so obsequiously to the needs of the sponsor, disenfranchising huge masses of viewers in the process.

Take situation comedies, for instance—and you can have most of them. The industry has an obligation to provide this kind of fare. But to present 30 to 36 a week is to give situation comedy fans better treatment than they are entitled to—and in the process to knock off other types of formats which appeal to different audiences.

## A Public Property

The fact is, television belongs to the public, not to sponsors. In the early days of radio, during the 1920s, stations often interfered with one another and much of the audience barely could obtain a clear, distinct signal. It was then that broadcasters went to the U.S. Government and begged it to establish controls.

As a result, Congress passed the Communications Act and formed the Federal Communications Commission, among whose functions it is to see that broadcasting signals do not overlap. The FCC also licenses broadcasting outlets. Considering that a well-run television station will make 35 to 50 percent profit (before taxes) each year, it is small wonder that competition is



**Bonanza**



**Gomer Pyle—USMC**



**The Fugitive**



**Gilligan's Island**



**Andy Griffith Show**



**Bewitched**



**The Lucy Show**



**Walt Disney**



**The Red Skelton Show**



**Bob Hope Comedy Hour**



fierce—and that the more cynical station operators boast of a “license to steal.”

The FCC license decision is based in deliberately vague language, on which applicant will best serve “the public interest, convenience, and necessity.” The theory is that a limited resource—the air—is to be used, and because the airwaves belong to the public, the public must be served by whoever obtains permission to use the public property.

This is precisely what Newton N. Minow, former chairman of the FCC, was trying to drive home to the public in his writings and speeches—which included his famous description of television as a “vast wasteland.” He was convinced, and still is, that the public has no real conception of its rights as far as television is concerned. He hoped to inspire a wide-reaching public dialogue on the subject.

As it turned out, however, the average viewer was not really concerned, and failed to give Minow’s position any significant support.

### *The Viewer Analyzed*

But what does the typical viewer think and expect of television?

One of the most penetrating and detailed studies in this area was made in 1960 under the direction of Dr. Gary Steiner, associate professor of psychology at the University of Chicago’s graduate school of business. In his book *The People Look at Television*, Dr. Steiner described the average viewer as placid, good-natured, passive, hesitant to complain, immensely grateful for television, but slightly concerned that television wastes time. Or, as Dr. Steiner shrewdly interpreted the last comment, viewers know they often waste time watching television.

In a remarkable summary of the book, Dr. Steiner cast himself in the role of a typical viewer:

“First give me more programs that are fun and worthwhile. . . . Any time I can learn something . . . I feel I haven’t wasted my time. Programs that introduce me to higher-level culture—in a way I can understand and enjoy now—also make me feel good about having watched. But please move realistically.

“Often I wish I could participate more. Is there some way that television can give me something to do?”

“Give us more programs that are safe for the children and also attract them. You really should be able to figure out how to do that. If you must have some ‘violence’ or slapstick in their shows, please make it unrealistic, as it is in westerns or fairy stories . . .

“I like to watch television every day, and so do the children—so the most important thing to me is the usual level of television programming not how it is at its best. I would rather have you improve all programs by 10 percent, than add two or three simply marvelous programs . . . In short, I feel about it as I would feel about a restaurant where the kids and I ate lunch every day: I’d much rather be sure they never have any spoiled food than have them served gourmet dishes once in a while.”<sup>1</sup>

The Steiner research study was made during one of the worst years, in terms of content, in television history. But even when saturated with mediocrity, the public felt no urge to rebel. Small wonder that sponsors and networks proceeded with business as usual, driving out many of the best creative men.

Creativity in television these days often is found in the news departments, where the most sincere and concerned people work. Their names are not well known. Ernest Pendrell of *ABC Scope*, Leslie Midgley of *CBS News*, Stephen Fleishmann of *ABC News*, Ted Yates and Frank Freed and Fred Defelitta and Reuven Frank of *NBC News* . . . and others.

Even they are not always permitted to do precisely what they would like to do. The more sensitive subjects often must be bludgeoned onto the airwaves. It took weeks of demonstrations in Selma, Ala., before the networks began special coverage.

Television should be exploring the full range of modern American revolutions, in dramatic as well as documentary form. But it isn’t.

### *Drama With a Purpose*

More than a year ago, *East Side/West Side* on CBS-TV presented a one-hour drama called *Who Do*

*You Kill?* which proved an overpowering, highly emotional study of anguish and poignancy in Harlem. It probably was more effective in changing public attitudes than a dozen documentaries. Even *Bonanza* will permit an occasional “message” on the air. One, about a year ago, was an immensely effective episode about racial intolerance. But these are the exceptions, isolated examples of what television could do if it wished.

Where was the television drama about those young persons who left their homes last summer and journeyed, frightened, to Mississippi? Or, conversely, where was the drama about the decent Southerner who resented the “invasion” and yet who was trying to come to grips with conditions that led to it? Where was the drama about the youngsters who left the security of this rich nation to accept Peace Corps posts in Nigeria or Chile? Where was the drama about the Rochester riots? Where is the examination of extremism in modern political thought, the changing sexual values of young adults, automation and its effects, migration, education, the wonderful mysteries of childhood?

Ah, but that is the real world. Television would have us remain passive instead of active, watching instead of participating, escaping involvement, turning up the volume on our TV sets to drown out the screams for help from the real world outside.

When an occasional peek is permitted through the curtain of canned laughter, it often proves fantastically powerful. It was television which flickered onto the screen for slightly more than two minutes the scene of the Alabama state troopers clubbing peaceful demonstrators at the Selma bridge. That brief scene resulted, literally, in thousands of persons rushing to Selma. It prodded the official forces into action and sent President Johnson onto the air for a rare nighttime address to the American people.

And who can forget the remarkable week in March when television gave us the Gemini space probe and history’s first “live” television close-ups of the moon’s surface?

<sup>1</sup> From *The People Look at Television*, copyright 1963 by Bureau of Applied Social Research, Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., division of Random House, Inc. Used by permission.—Eds.



Consider, too, the superb documentaries—*The Louvre*; *I, Leonardo da Vinci*; *The Lewis and Clark Expedition*.

But these samples are pathetically few, discovered only after picking through the rubble of television's avalanche of trivia.

Obviously, the prevailing rationale is that the networks need not worry much about programs of real quality and significance. As Dr. Steiner reported, viewers think that although television is doing a good job it could be improved . . . "but I don't know how."

If the public is passive and placid, evidencing a desire only to escape from reality, the networks will oblige—with comics and innocent hillbillies and roguish anti-heroes. These serve well the interests of wish fulfillment.

### Coming Next Fall

The network reaction can be confirmed by looking at the tentative TV lineups for next fall. Here, night by night, is probably what you'll have to choose from:

**SUNDAY**—CBS will return its old faithfuls and present, in order, *Mr. Ed* (a talking horse), *Lassie* (a dog), *My Favorite Martian*, *Ed Sullivan*, *Perry Mason*, *Candid Camera*, and *What's My Line*. NBC will present *Walt Disney*, *Branded*, *Bonanza*, and a new one-hour comedy-adventure called *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*, based on a 1960 movie. ABC will present, all in color, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *F.B.I.*, and *Sunday Night at the Movies*.

**MONDAY**—CBS is planning *To Tell the Truth*, *I've Got a Secret*, *Lucy*, *Andy Griffith*, *Hazel*, *Steve Lawrence*. NBC is planning *Hullabaloo*; *Mr. and the Misses*, starring John Forsythe as the head of a school for girls; *Dr. Kildare*, cut to a half hour and to be presented in two separate episodes each week, similar to *Peyton Place*; *Andy Williams*; and *Run for Your Life*, starring Ben Gazzara as a man with a terminal illness, who decides to tour the world and enjoy his last few months of life. ABC will counter with *12 O'clock High*, changed to accommodate Paul Burke, as the hero, a young colonel, because the series will be aired earlier and the "older" general portrayed by Robert Lansing might not appeal to young viewers; *Jesse James*, a half-hour

Western; *Shenandoah*, another half-hour Western, this one starring Robert Horton as a cowboy with amnesia; *The Farmer's Daughter*; and *Ben Casey*.

**TUESDAY**—CBS will have *Rawhide*, *Red Skelton*, *Petticoat Junction*, and *CBS Reports*. NBC will have a half-hour comedy, *My Mother, the Car*, starring Jerry Van Dyke as a young man whose mother returns from the dead, reincarnated as a car, with the voice of Ann Southern; *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, starring Pat Crowley; the second episode of *Dr. Kildare*; *Tuesday Night at the Movies*. ABC will have *Combat*; *McHale's Navy*; *F Troop*, a McHale's Navy of the Old West starring Forrest Tucker and Larry Storch as two wheeler-dealers in a cavalry troop; *Peyton Place*; *The Fugitive*.

**WEDNESDAY**—CBS may lead with *Lost in Space*, an hour-long science-fiction drama involving a family stranded on a weird planet. Then will follow *Beverly Hillbillies*; *Country Cousins* (the reverse of *Hillbillies* because it involves a city family in the country); *Dick Van Dyke*; *Danny Kaye*. NBC will have *The Virginian*; *Bob Hope Theater*; and *I Spy*, a new one-hour comedy-adventure starring Robert Culp and Negro comedian Bill Cosby as espionage agents posing as a world-touring tennis champion and his trainer. ABC will have *Ozzie and Harriet*; *Patty Duke*; *Gidget*, a new half-hour comedy based on the Gidget movies; *The Big Valley*, a new one-hour Western with Barbara Stanwyck as the matriarch of a large clan of sons on a Western ranch (*Bonanza*, anyone?); and *Amos Burke*, with a format change so our hero becomes more of a James Bond character, roaming the world on assignment from the United States.

**THURSDAY**—CBS will have *The Munsters*; *Gilligan's Island*; *My Three Sons*; and—new—*Thursday Night at the Movies*. NBC will have *Daniel Boone*; *Laredo*, a playful new one-hour Western starring Neville Brand and Peter Brown; *Mona McCluskey*, a new half-hour comedy starring Juliet Prowse as a movie star married to an Air Force man; and a new one-hour variety offering, *The Dean Martin Show*. ABC will have *Shindig*; *Donna Reed*; *OK Crackerbee*, a new half-hour comedy starring Burl Ives as a fabulously wealthy but still down-home type Oklahoma millionaire; *Bewitched*; the second *Peyton Place*; and *The Long Hot Summer*, starring Edmond O'Brien in a new one-hour

series to be based on the movie.

**FRIDAY**—CBS is contemplating a new hour-long tongue-in-cheek Western called *Wild West*, with Bob Conrad and Ross Martin (described by insiders as James Bond going West); *Hogan's Heroes*, a half-hour comedy on the riotous subject of a German prisoner-of-war camp during World War II; *Comer Pyle*; *The Smothers Brothers*, with Dick playing a bumbling, ineffectual angel who comes back from the dead to advise Tom; *Slattery's People*. NBC will lead with *Camp Runamuck*, a half-hour comedy about life in a boys' summer camp; *Hank*, starring Dick Kallman as a "drop-in," a young man who desperately wants to enter college even though he isn't a high-school graduate; *Convoy*, described as *Wagon Train* of the sea, with John Larch as the seasoned skipper of a freighter and John Gavin as the young commander of a destroyer; *Mr. Roberts*, starring Roger Smith in the title role and based on the movie; *The Man from UNCLE*. ABC will have *Flintstones*; *Tammy*, based on the movies; *The Addams Family*; *Honey West*, a half-hour detective spoof with Anne Francis as a female James Bond type; the third weekly episode of *Peyton Place*; *Jimmy Dean*.

**SATURDAY**—CBS will return with *Jackie Gleason*; and *O'Brien*, starring Peter Falk in a one-hour comedy-drama about an antihero lawyer who is not completely responsible; *The Loner*, a Rod Sterling project in which a Westerner, played by Lloyd Bridges, searches for his identity; *Gunsmoke*. NBC will return with *Flipper*; and *I Dream of Jeannie*, with Barbara Eden as a pretty genie who serves her master, portrayed by Larry Hagman, in an unabashed imitation of *Bewitched*; *Get Smart*, a half-hour comedy in which Don Adams spoofs the James Bond formats; *Saturday Night at the Movies*. ABC is thinking of *Shindig* (for the second time each week); *The King Family*, cut back to 30 minutes; *Lawrence Welk*; *Hollywood Palace*; *ABC Scope*.

Many serious shows contended for these spots on the schedules, but none was selected. In every case, the comedy show or the action-adventure show won out.

So there it is, the basic TV lineup for next fall. A few late changes are inevitable before the new season. Even so, we can be sure of one thing:

Our children will love it. □



*A model airplane that really flies puts a new face on life for a little boy who had tried to solve his problems with his fists.*

# Tino and the Piper Cub

By Joseph S. Junell

I DROPPED my books on the kitchen table and slumped into a chair.

My wife looked up from the potatoes she was peeling and asked: "Is something wrong?"

"They never give up," I complained. "Now they want me to conduct a case study of some neighborhood kid. It's supposed to help me become a better teacher. As if I haven't enough to do!"

It was the beginning of the summer quarter at the University of Washington, and I was trying desperately to become certified in time to accept a September teaching job. I was 36, had a wife and two children, and was bent on a new career that promised to start me out at considerably less than the salary I had been earning four years before. Besides carrying 19 hours at the university, I was working full time.

Now my wife had a suggestion:

"Why don't you study Tino?" "Tino?" I echoed, somewhat stupefied. "Tino next door?"

"Certainly."

"Well for one thing," I said after a moment's thought, "case studies are supposed to be objective, and I'm prejudiced. I dislike him."

"You want to be a teacher," she persisted. "Perhaps you need an experience like this. Anyway, you're involved, whether you like it or not. So you might as well take advantage of the situation."

That afternoon, as I was studying before my four-to-midnight shift at the airplane plant, my thoughts returned unbidden to Tino. I already knew a good deal about him. He was, in many respects, the typical educational problem. Product of a broken marriage, he had suffered abuse and indifference from a father who had favored his younger brother. Although careful testing had estab-

lished his I.Q. at average or above, he was a nonreader and resisted learning with a stoicism that baffled his teachers.

Outside of school, he was the neighborhood tough at 11. The children had nicknamed him Tino the Tiger—a diminutive of his former name, Sorrentino—and they were not fooling. Constantly wearing a chip on his shoulder, he was a sullen, vindictive, cantankerous boy to whom it was a point of honor never to back away from a fight. In spite of his slender build, there was something so intense—almost ferocious—about his movements and demeanor that bigger boys often stepped thoughtfully aside.

The more I thought about him, the more convinced I became that he was my best bet. Only yesterday his stepfather, Fred Leland, a large, rough-appearing but kind and friendly man, had dropped in





to ask a favor. After a few minutes of small talk, he had looked at me apologetically and said: "They flunked the kid, you know."

I nodded: "Martha told us several days ago. I'm sorry. How's Tino taking it?"

"You know Tino—the man of iron," Fred said. "Not a whimper out of him. But I've had two phone calls from parents whose kids he's beaten up." Fred glanced down at a long package on his lap. "I bought him this, hoping it would calm him down. It's a model of a Piper Cub airplane, complete with engine. I wonder if your boy would mind helping him put it together. I'd be happy to pay him, of course."

"Nonsense," I replied quickly. "Jimmy'll be glad to help."

Even as I spoke I knew that enlisting my son's aid was not going to be easy. Jimmy not only disliked Tino, he was also three years older, an obstacle in itself. When I mentioned it to him later, his response was almost word for word what I had expected.

"Gee, Dad, he's a brat."

I added a silent amen. I was still fuming over a recent incident in which Tino had sent our four-year-old daughter home with sand in her eyes. The only thing that had kept me from complaining then was my respect for the Lelands and the knowledge that the boy was sometimes capable of genuine acts

of kindness. For example, he had given my son a brand new Boy Scout knife, bought with money from his own savings. Another time, he had presented me with a pocket-warmer he had won in a contest for newsboys. A precious thing to him, it was useless to me, and I had been about to refuse it when I saw the radiant look on his face. Humbly, I had accepted the gift.

Those were the reasons I tried to persuade Jimmy to help.

"Do I have to?" Jimmy asked, unconvinced.

"It's not an order, if that's what you mean; but before you say no think it over carefully. You may be doing Mr. Leland a bigger favor than you realize."

My son's defenses crumbled. He liked Fred Leland, as did all the children in the neighborhood.

As the days went by, Tino's model airplane grew into a kind of two-family project, providing me, incidentally, with plenty of material for my case study. With 12 or more successful flying models under his belt, Jimmy carefully watched over every step of the model's construction.

The job was tough. Jimmy regarded craftsmanship with as much pride as he did successful flight, and watching Tino's clumsy efforts with balsa and glue taxed his patience to the limit. "If that plane flies," he would say to me, shaking

his head dourly, "it'll be a miracle straight out of heaven."

It was more than a month before Tino's plane was ready to be taken to the country for its initial flight. Fred Leland brought it over the evening before, after Tino had gone to bed.

The plane was a pathetic little thing, its crude imperfections daubed over with dull aluminum paint. It reminded me of Tino. It had the same pitiful ineptitude and cross-purpose that dogged the boy's footsteps.

"What do you think, Jimmy?" asked Fred. "Will it fly?"

Jimmy struggled for words that would soften the blow: "The first one I built didn't."

"What's wrong with it, son?" I asked. "I think Mr. Leland would like to know."

"Well, the tail section, mainly. It's way out of line." Jimmy demonstrated the characteristics it would assume under flight conditions.

"Would it take much to fix it?" Fred asked.

"No, not really," Jimmy said, examining the plane carefully. "I'll do it if you'd like."

"You are a good boy," Fred spoke with a gentleness that made Jimmy flush with pleasure. "I've just one more favor to ask. Do you think we could keep Tino from finding out? It's important that he doesn't."

"I promise, Mr. Leland, Tino will never know his plane's been





touched," Jimmy assured him.

Early the next morning we stowed a picnic lunch into Fred's station wagon and drove out to the country. We found a 10-acre field surrounded by scattered clumps of maple and alder. There were stacks of newly mown hay here and there, but there was plenty of space between.

The sky was sparkling blue, but the fresh breeze worried Jimmy a little. A gusty wind could drive a model plane into the ground before it had a chance.

As the boys prepared the Piper Cub for flight, I could not help admiring Tino's carefully bored attitude—the attitude that more than once had exasperated his teachers. Lips faintly curled in derision, he kept insisting that he did not care "if the silly thing flies or not." But something in his fine eyes—a kind of frightened, desperate appeal—brought a lump to my throat. And when I saw the way his hand trembled as he put fuel in the tank with an eyedropper, I had to turn away.

The boys connected battery leads, and Tino held the fuselage while Jimmy flipped over the prop. The tiny motor sputtered several times, then caught fire. Quickly Jimmy removed the leads.

"Remember what I told you," he

shouted encouragingly. "Point her nose down a little."

I do not think Tino heard him. He moved forward a few steps and tossed the plane nose-high into the wind.

Brashly confident, the Cub began to climb steeply. Then it slowed, hung suspended for a moment and, tipping end over end, started downward.

We waited for the crash, but it never came. Somehow a benevolent puff of wind caught the Cub and drew it out of its helpless plunge. For more than 100 feet the tiny craft dangerously skimmed the rough stubble. Then it began to rise, and we held our breath as it eluded several haystacks and the barbed wire fence just beyond. Next a clump of trees loomed in its path, but with a shrill drone of defiance it lifted itself above their waving tops.

At last it was free! The sun transformed the little plane into a shining silver eagle. Higher and higher it rose, in an ever-widening spiral, dipping and frolicking on the air currents.

"It flies!" we heard Tino's piercing scream. "It flies! It flies!"

He could not believe his eyes. Gripped by a new, overpowering emotion, the boy was almost in a frenzy as he tore downwind across

the field followed by Jimmy and Tino's younger brother.

A few minutes later the boys emerged from behind the trees, where the Cub had landed undamaged in a patch of tall grass. Holding it gently, Tino ran swiftly toward us, his eager face glowing with pride. He kept wiping tears away with quick, impatient swipes of his hand as he ran. Unaccountably, my wife acquired a case of the sniffles and began searching her purse for tissue. Tino's mother, Martha, made no attempt to hide her brimming eyes.

"I may be acting like a dope," she confessed, "but I can't help it. Little boys are supposed to cry once in a while, and I haven't seen Tino cry in over a year."

Suddenly, I realized that this was Tino's first real triumph. I glanced at Fred. A satisfied smile wreathed his broad face, as he waited for his stepson.

In the next few weeks, I was absorbed with term papers, voluminous reading, and final exams. I heard that Tino had completed several new models without help, but it was nearly two months before I got around to seeing them. Then, when I was shown the little shop Fred had built for the boy, I was impressed with Tino's workmanship.

Later in the evening, I realized the Piper Cub was missing and asked what had become of it.

"Didn't you know," Martha said with a smile. "It occupies the place of honor. Let me show you." She led me to Tino's bedroom.

The door was ajar, and soft light from the night lamp filled the room. Tino lay beneath the covers gazing upward at the Cub, which hung suspended from the ceiling. It was battered now, and barely held together, but I noticed a strange and wondrous smile playing about the boy's lips and eyes. It was the same look I had seen on his face that day in the country, only warmer now and more subdued.

That night as I lay down to sleep, I wondered about it. Was he still admiring his handiwork? Or, rather, did he envision a free spirit soaring buoyantly, bravely above the ramparts of defeat? □

## *Hey, Mom!*

*"Hey, Mom! The sky bowl spilled today  
And all the blue poured on the sea!"  
Thus, with one young, perceptive thought,  
He gave a summer day to me.*

*"Hey, Mom! God whipped the clouds to cream  
And made them stand in little peaks.  
I wish that I could reach and taste!"  
Oh, lovely are the words he speaks!*

*One day he held a butterfly,  
Then showed me gold dust from its wings.  
The touch of Time will brush away  
The miracle of simple things.*

*My Son, when you will have outgrown  
The wonder of a world so new,  
I pray that you will have a child,  
For he will teach it back—to you.*

—BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH



# HIS CONGREGATION IS BEHIND BARS



Drunks, drug addicts, delinquent parents, and other down-and-outers form his parish. Why did this pastor choose a jail instead of a local church? Because his troubled people, he says, wear fewer masks than most of us.

SHE LOOKED like an old-fashioned stereotype of a Sunday-school teacher: fortyish, and pretty in a plain sort of way. She wore no lipstick, and there was a touch of gray in her carefully combed hair. Among the other prisoners, whose voices and faces told eloquently of their shattered lives, she seemed totally out of place.

"I've never been in jail before," she told other members of the chaplain's group-counseling session hesitantly. Her quiet voice carried a hint of hurt and bewilderment.

"What on earth is *she* here for?" I asked Chaplain Robert D. Youmans later. The suggestion of a smile

*After the Sunday-morning worship service, Chaplain Robert D. Youmans meets with prisoners to discuss whatever is on their minds.*







*Each year more than 18,000 prisoners pass through this maximum-security jail in downtown San Diego.*

played across his face as he understood the perplexity in my question, and he explained: "She's an alcoholic with a long history of writing bad checks—all over the Southwest."

Sentenced to several months in San Diego County Jail for her latest offense, she was among those chosen for special rehabilitative efforts.

Perhaps this woman's psychological problems are too deep-rooted to be helped by a few weekly group sessions plus the snatches of additional time the chaplain and other concerned jail personnel may find for her. But Mr. Youmans' job is a constant battle against such odds, and it demands both great faith and high optimism.

"My primary goal," he says, "is to be a channel through which God's forgiveness and reconciliation can be experienced."

Mr. Youmans, a Methodist minister and former Texan, came to San Diego three years ago to be the first full-time chaplain at the county jail. His boss, Capt. Leland R. McPhie, has run the jail for 11 years, and his approach is pragmatic. The captain explains that Mr. Youmans' job, as a civil employee, "is to take the welfare of the inmates off the backs of the deputy sheriffs."

Both the captain and the chaplain know it is an impossible assignment. Each year about 18,000 prisoners stream through San Diego County Jail, and the population at any time hovers near an overcrowded 800. The turnover is frightening. Each month, among those who are released, more than 400 leave with no strings attached—no probation or

other continuing guidance. Seven out of 10 have less than \$5; many have no jobs, no place to go.

Chaplain Youmans tries to counsel as many as possible before they leave; and he has been able, with volunteer aid from social workers, to refer about 40 a month to community social agencies for continuing help. But some of the others are arrested again almost immediately. Capt. McPhie is now seeking a social caseworker to help Mr. Youmans nibble at the edge of his mountain.

The captain says that "the services we provide, such as counseling, are not prisoners' rights; they're privileges." Still, he does his best to see that the inmates get a fair shake. "We're selfish in this respect," he says. "The happier we keep them, the easier our job is."

Mr. Youmans' work is similar to that of other jail chaplains across the country. But being one of the few who work in county jails, where sentences are short, he faces a potential for frustration much greater than most. "What can you do with a man in two or three months," Capt. McPhie asks, "when he has lived the wrong way all his life and is going back to the same environment?"

"However," he adds, "a rehabilitation program *can* help some of those who are here for the first time."

Mr. Youmans thinks it goes deeper than that. He says simply, "It's obvious to me that some of these people, including long-time offenders, *are* able to experience new life and new hope."

That belief undergirds the work of prison chaplains of many faiths, and it is clear in the efforts of the Commission on Chaplains of The Methodist Church





*Captain L. R. McPhie (above) has run the jail for 11 years, and it was he who asked for appointment of a full-time chaplain. He thinks prisoners feel better, and are easier to handle, when they know a chaplain is available.*

*Dressed in a female version of prison stripes, an inmate comes to the chaplain's office for counseling. Much of his time is spent in helping prisoners to untangle webs of personal problems.*



*The chaplain serves all comers, and in worship he stresses common Protestant theology. Catholics also hold services.*





*At lunch, Bob Youmans has a chance  
to trade news and shoptalk with other staff members.  
It takes 81 persons to run the jail.*

which has, among its 493 chaplains, 33 who work within the walls of penal institutions. (Most of the others serve in the U.S. armed forces.)

The commission, whose general secretary is Dr. John R. McLaughlin, keeps in close touch with its chaplains. Says Dr. Fred H. Heather, a commission staff member: "The only hope for many offenders to become respected and useful citizens is almost completely dependent upon developing a new spiritual consciousness. Many do respond to a ministry of love and grace."

Despite the problems he deals with daily, Chaplain Youmans would not trade his jail assignment for a neighborhood church.

"Most people, and some church people," he asserts, "go around masked, hiding from themselves and God. Part of the good news of Christianity is to live honestly, without pretext. In a parish, that message is often difficult to get across. But people in hospitals, mental institutions, and jails are going through crises, and these are the people most amenable to truth."

Among those in Chaplain Youmans' "congregation" are thieves, murderers, narcotic addicts, drunks, prostitutes, and many charged with welfare fraud or failure to support their children. Most of them have had no meaningful encounter with a Christian ministry of reconciliation and forgiveness.

"A lot of time the preacher-will-you-pray-for-me request is a snow job," he says, "but I try to break through that." The chaplain's aim is to crack the superficiality with a strong dose of personal responsibility, which he believes has been tragically neglected in today's world.

"The basis of Christianity," he says, "is that we



are responsible for our decisions. We must take seriously the sinfulness of being alive—of being human." At the same time, he acknowledges that jail inmates are, for the most part, the disadvantaged—the ones who have not been strong enough or smart enough to get along in the outside world.

Often he hears comments such as one prisoner made at a counseling session: "You get to feel safe in here. When you go out, you almost want to come back."

Why?

"On the outside," says Mr. Youmans, "they have to face, all over again, man's inhumanity to man."

—CAROL M. DOIG

*Within these walls, says the chaplain, men and women can find salvation and accept responsibility for themselves.*





# PRAYER Is Risky

By P. W. TREMBATH

Circuit Minister, English Methodist Conference



PEOPLE are told repeatedly to seek comfort, and assurance, and help in prayer. Practical suggestions about how to pray are given in sermons, addresses, and books. It is pointed out that the essential elements of adoration, thanksgiving, confession, intercession, and petition must find a place in our prayers. But there is one aspect about which little is ever said—the risks in which prayer involves us.

The first risk is of seeing ourselves as God sees us, as we really are.

It is surprising how ignorant we are about ourselves. We imagine ourselves to be quite different than we are. Even if we have a great knowledge of human nature, it is no safeguard. Our eyes, which may very easily see through the trickery, the fraud, and the deception of others, become dim and out of focus when turned inward upon ourselves.

But when we come face to face

with God in prayer, we who have been created in his image see how unlike him we are. We are like Isaiah, confronted with the glory of God in the Temple and seeing his sinfulness, who cried: "Woe is me! For I am lost; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts!"

In prayer we face the truth about ourselves, and the man who prays must ask himself: "What are my motives, my dominant desires? What is my attitude toward others? What are my weaknesses? Am I trying to overcome them? Do I judge myself by the standard of those about me, and am I content if I am doing no worse than they, or do I judge myself by an ideal standard?"

When we come to God in prayer, we have to be honest. This is hard on our pride, but it is a risk we have to take.

The second risk of prayer is that we may gradually become more like Christ in a world which worships conformity and success.

There is nothing inherently wrong with success. The fact that a man is successful does not prove that he is a rogue any more than the fact he is a failure proves that he is a saint.

Nevertheless, there do come times in the life of every man when he has to choose between doing the advantageous thing and the right thing, knowing that if he chooses the right thing he must take the consequences.

Christ was faced with this choice at the beginning of his ministry. No sooner had he been baptized by John than he was tempted by the devil. The temptation story shows Jesus choosing once and for all the method by which he proposed to seek to win men for God.

It shows him rejecting the way of worldly success and accepting the way of suffering and the cross. By refusing the way of the world, which would have brought him fame and fortune, he trod, instead, the way of loneliness to a criminal's death.

"The Son of man must suffer," said Jesus, and therefore our becoming like him must involve suffering and self-denial.

"It is the property of love," wrote Ruysbroeck in the 14th century, "ever to give and ever to receive. Now, the love of Jesus is both avid and generous. All that he has, all that he is, he gives; all that we have, all that we are, he takes. In his hunger he makes of us his very bread, burning up in the fire of his love our vices, defects, and misdeeds. He would absorb our life in order to change it into his own: ours full of sin, his full of grace and glory."

And as we become like Christ so we share in his suffering.

St. Paul wrote of this in his Letter to the Colossians, when he said: "Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and in my flesh I complete what is lacking in Christ's afflictions for the sake of his body, that is, the church . . ."

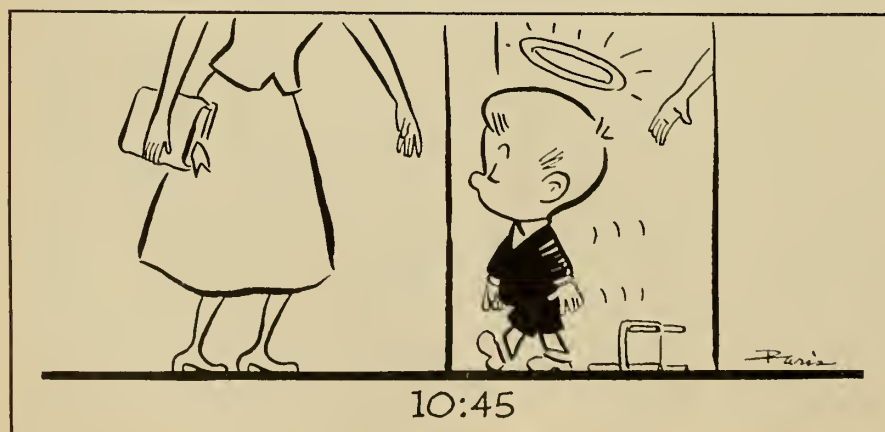
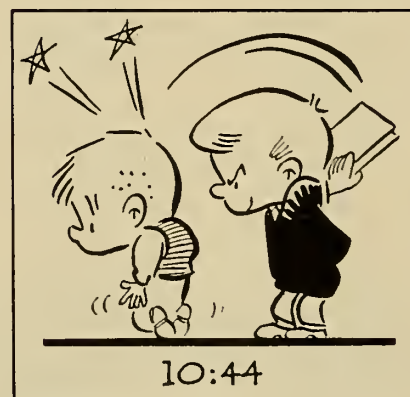
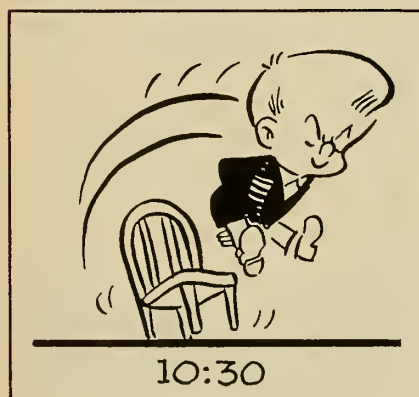
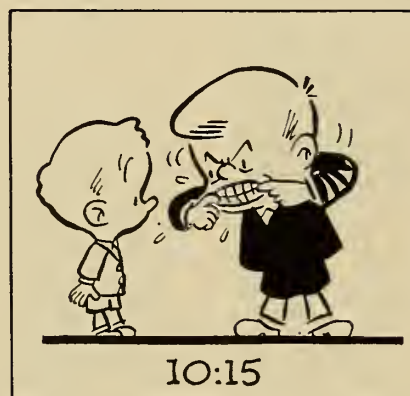
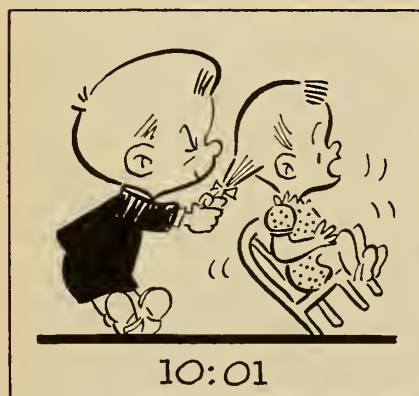
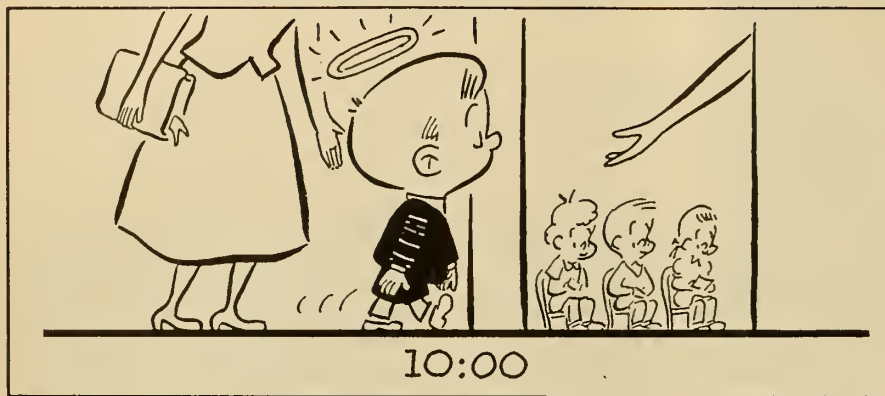
When we pray, we run the risk of becoming more like Christ in a world which crucified him.

The third risk of prayer is that of having our prayers answered. We believe, and we know, that God answers prayer, but we forget that this ought to frighten us. For example, we pray for the brotherhood of man. Now suppose God answered that prayer. It would mean that we should have to treat all men—including the people we find it hard to like and difficult to get on with—as we treat the members of our families, whom we love and for whom we would do any-



# Split Personality

By Georgia and Howard Paris



thing. We would have to change.

Or we ask God to make us honest. Of course, most of us already are honest, up to a point. We pay our bills and do not deliberately lie. But if we really face the truth about ourselves, we have to admit that there is a lot of insincerity and deceit in our makeup. We say things we do not mean, express emotions we do not feel, openly praise when secretly we condemn, and try to make people think that we are other than we are. Do we really want our prayer to be answered when we ask to be made honest?

Or we join with the Psalmist in saying: "Create in me a clean heart, O God." But think what it would mean if that prayer were answered. Do we really want to give up all those unclean images and imaginings with which we tease ourselves, and the secret lusts we harbor? Or are we perhaps like St. Augustine, who said he once prayed: "God make me pure—but not yet."?

Thus to pray is to grow, with all the risks and pains growth imposes upon living beings. To grow in the life of prayer is to learn the meaning of Leon Bloy's words: "Prayer is the surest of all forces, but its effects are unknown. When we pray, we place in God's hands a naked, magnificent, and dread sword, wherewith he doeth as he listeth, and we know nothing more."<sup>1</sup>

Those who persevere in the labor and travail of prayer, says John L. Casteel, "will know hours of unexpected and overflowing joy, in which the renewing love of God moves in and buoys them up to to new levels of living peace such as they can hardly anticipate."<sup>2</sup>

Prayer is the Christian's breath and air, but we should recognize the risks we take as we use it. And we should perhaps begin by asking God to give us the courage to take the risks of seeing ourselves as we really are, of becoming more like Christ, and of having our prayers answered; in short, of growing up to maturity in the Christian life. □

<sup>1</sup> From *Pilgrim of the Absolute* by Leon Bloy. Copyright 1947 by Pantheon Books, Inc. Used by permission of Pantheon Books, a division of Random House, Inc.—Eds.

<sup>2</sup> From *Rediscovering Prayer* by John L. Casteel. Used by permission of Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., and Association Press.—Eds.





# SCIENCE and RELIGION

*Advances of science are giving man increasing control over his environment—even over his own nature. But with such power come moral dilemmas which man has not had to face before. The search for answers must not be left to science alone. Religion, too, must play a role.*

By LEROY AUGENSTEIN

TO AMERICANS, living in the most advanced nation of history's technologically most advanced age, science has come to be enthroned as the queen of human endeavors. Its accomplishments, certainly, have done and can do many things for us. It has given us much of what we call the good life.

But science cannot and should not be expected to do everything. And the moral dilemmas that result from increasingly sophisticated scientific exploration must not be left to the judgment of scientists alone.

## *Antagonists—Or Partners?*

Too often in the past, scientists and theologians have been antagonists. There have been extremists in the scientific group who maintained that science is master of all and that religion is nothing more than mysticism. By the same token, some religionists have insisted that they have all the answers and that when science comes along with something contrary to their beliefs, it must be wrong.

In reality, science and religion are two of man's noblest activities. They must complement each other.

Science tries to determine *how* things are organized. How is an atom built? How is a man constructed? What is the nature of the physical universe?

Religion, on the other hand, must be concerned with *why* there are atoms, *why* man has evolved, and *why* there is a universe at all.

Can man suddenly decide why he is here on earth, when he has not been able to answer the question satisfactorily in the past? I think man has not come to that decision simply because he has not *had* to. Although the question was of great concern, there was no great penalty if society did not come to a fairly definite conclusion.

Today, however, we no longer enjoy this luxury. As the organization of society becomes more and more complicated, the difficulty of the church in bringing

its influence to bear on the moral perplexities of the times becomes increasingly greater.

Let me describe just one area of science which is beginning to offer the promise of tremendous opportunities, tremendous challenges, and perhaps crucial problems.

Medical scientists are working hard in the field of growing new organs to replace malfunctioning old ones. There is a distinct possibility, for example, that someday a few healthy cells in a worn-out kidney will be used to grow a replacement for itself.

Basically, here is what the scientists are trying to do: When fertilization takes place by the uniting of a sperm and an egg, all the information is there for producing every tissue and organ in the new human being. But then, as cells divide, they begin to "disregard" some of the information. That is, they become differentiated and carry out only limited functions.

If we could find out how to make these cells "remember" all the information they once had, then—in theory at least—we could take a small piece of healthy tissue from an otherwise defective organ, put it into a test tube, and grow a complete new organ to order. Transplanted, it would be accepted by the individual because the cells would be identical to others in his body. The possibilities for good would be tremendous. But, as you can readily anticipate, there would be overwhelming problems, too.

To consider an extreme, suppose we could continually make spare parts so that people could remain alive for as much as 500 years, and that they could continue to have children for 300 of them. Unless there were great individual restraint, we would have a population explosion to end all explosions!

Does a person, at some point, have the right to say, "I no longer want a new 'motor' or a new 'transmission'; I have lived a full life and I want to die"? In fact, as population increases, does he have an obligation to



do so? Squarely and in a hurry, we Christians must face the question: Where and how should Christian action be directed to see that science helps achieve Christian ideals?

### *Problems With Christian Dimensions*

To begin with, a new type of lobbying is required of Christians. The areas of science that are going to be emphasized are decided by the allocation of vast amounts of money and thus, ultimately, by our political leaders. This is one place where our efforts must be directed. I am not arguing for church *intervention* in affairs of state, for there is a big difference between the church trying to dictate a restrictive course of action and, on the other hand, church people becoming concerned with problems and insisting that politicians do something about them.

But first of all, we must look ahead and predict some of the important areas in which science must make a contribution if society is not to suffer.

The scientific frontiers are thick with problems, and the population explosion is foremost. It was epitomized for me by a man who told about going to England. He came to a rocky beach where the pebbles were uncomfortable to sit on. But also on this beach were some large, smooth rocks. People were standing in line, waiting for a chance to sit on them!

Before it is too late, we must ask: Is man's role here on earth to stand in line to sit on rocks?

Tied to the population explosion are the problems of insuring adequate water and food supplies. It seems quite probable that by the year 2000 serious shortages may exist even in the United States. Space exploration and the taming of hydrogen power have been given a good deal of attention—and they will need much more. Finally, the point at which we started—the revamping of man—is one of the less-publicized but most important areas. Let's consider this further.

The possible genetic modification of man is the source of significant experimentation. The so-called DNA molecules which occur in each cell of the human body are crucially involved in the control of heredity. This control has been most clearly demonstrated in the cases of bacteria and viruses.

For example, if you take two forms of pneumonococcus bacteria, one of which makes a round, smooth colony and the other of which makes a large, rough colony, grind up one, extract its DNA, and put it into the organisms of the other type, the latter are transformed. In other words, the DNA from the one type of bacterium has changed the heredity of the other.

Fortunately or unfortunately, this cannot at the moment be done with human beings, in a controlled way, although human cells can be transformed by viruses. A virus is nothing more than a nucleic acid molecule wrapped up in a protein coat. Once this little bundle of joy comes up to one of your cells, it injects its nucleic acid into the cell and that cell is quickly transformed. This process is analogous to bringing a superintendent from a Ford plant to an Oldsmobile plant and finding that the Oldsmobile plant starts turning out fenders and bumpers for Fords.

In a sense, each of us is the result of the transforma-

Dr. Augenstein,  
research scientist  
and churchman, is a  
biophysics professor  
at Michigan State  
University.



tion of an original egg cell. A sperm, in reality, is nothing more than a package of DNA with a little propeller on behind. Once this DNA from the sperm has found its way into the egg cell, that cell is transformed and a new individual is on his way.

### *Which Gray Is Better?*

Although we cannot carry out controlled modification of human heredity, some successful experiments have transformed cultures of human tissue grown in a test tube. Even though we may still be a long way from being able to transform *people*, it is important for us to look at the possibilities which will arise once this can be done.

How wonderful it would be if we could devise a tailor-made virus which would stop even a few birth abnormalities, like cleft palate, diabetes, and mongolism. By the same token, if such a development were to fall into the wrong hands, havoc could result. We must carefully consider just what we might buy and what we might have to pay if such a scientific breakthrough does occur.

Let us suppose that next year our laboratory were to come out with a new virus which, if administered to a woman, would guarantee that her children would have no birth abnormalities. However, we have to announce regretfully that this virus would raise the probability that these offsprings would commit murder 10 times more often than would a normal individual. Clearly, our government would not allow this product on the open market.

If our scientists are persistent, however, the following year they might come out with an improved version of the virus which has all of the desirable features of the first one, plus the certainty that all the boys will be All-American athletes and all the girls will be real movie queens. Furthermore, we have reduced the side effects so that now the probability of schizophrenia occurs only twice as often as normal.

At this point, many of us would be hard put to make a decision. In those families where a serious birth defect such as mongolism has occurred, many would be willing to pay a fairly high price to make sure that this did not occur again. But the point is that you cannot really answer whether this is a good or bad virus unless you first answer the question, "Why is man here?"

We can readily see that scientific developments like these would raise crucial questions. But I wonder



if we realize the kind of sophistication required for making the decisions which would be demanded. To illustrate this point, let me describe a public discussion about nuclear testing in which I participated in 1956. Many of the facts used in this illustration we now know to be incorrect, but I present them anyway because this is a clear way of making the point.

During the discussion, one panel member said it had been estimated that each hydrogen bomb detonated on the earth's surface or in the air would be likely to produce 10,000 leukemic children. Nothing, he said, could be worth this fantastic price, and he argued that we should stop testing immediately.

Another member, however, pointed out that in India, each year 1 percent of the population dies of malnutrition; this is about 5 million persons. One of the reasons for this lack of food was that at that time about half of the heat and power in India was obtained by burning dried cow dung. If another source of power were available and if this cow dung were put onto the fields as fertilizer instead of being burned, the food supply certainly should be increased and fewer people should die of malnutrition.

Accordingly, this second member argued that it was possible that by setting off one hydrogen bomb, we might bring the harnessing of hydrogen power one year closer and, therefore, we should perhaps balance the possibility of saving 5 million malnourished people from dying as against the chances of producing 10,000 leukemic children. Stated in this way, the choice almost becomes one of the black and white variety, since we are comparing groups of people who are going to die in two different ways.

We now know that this comparison is false. Exploding hydrogen bombs does not solve the problem of hydrogen power nor does each bomb which we explode produce 10,000 leukemic children. We do produce some genetic damage with each bomb that is exploded in the atmosphere. But we do not know precisely how much, although it now appears the damage is less than we once feared; it is not zero, however.

The main advantage of nuclear testing and weapons appears to be the prevention of communist expansion. Thus, the choice is no longer one of balancing people who may die of leukemia against those who may die from malnutrition, but rather balancing the *price* paid by those of the future who may suffer genetic damage against the purchase of continuing freedom for large numbers of people who otherwise might have to live a life of being half dead from mental and physical subjugation.

This is, indeed, a very sophisticated choice and one which is a much more delicate shade of gray than most of the public has realized. Further, decisions in the other areas I have been talking about are going to be even more complicated than what we have encountered with the nuclear testing situation. We are no longer talking about taking an imperfect, cussed critter called man and telling him to make the best of what he has available. We are now considering ways in which we can really hope to perfect the basic raw materials which go into each individual person.

### *The Essential Question: Why?*

Toward what goals then, do we strive to perfect man? Of course, a complete answer to this question can only be obtained when we answer the age-old question, "Why is man here on earth?"

Throughout history, when answers have been needed, they have been found in one way or another. In some cases, decisions were deliberate and achieved after long discussion by many people. In other cases, decisions were made by a minority or, more often, by default. No decision is, in reality, a very real one.

We, as Christians, must participate in the unraveling of today's moral dilemmas. If we do not, we will not only forfeit our own birthrights but those of future generations.

Many of the problems I have been talking about are not politically "safe" issues and will not be discussed publicly unless we insist. Christian influence is possible without violating the separation of church and state. I can suggest one way immediately. I would like to see the church circulate within its congregations a list of such specific questions as what political actions are required by the population explosion, by possible control of genetics, by the need to guarantee freedom of thought, or at least freedom from overt persuasion. The actual tally would not be as important as informing the politicians that Christian people are worrying about these questions and that politicians had better do the same.

The other point that I would make is that we cannot afford to have cheap decisions by extremists. None of these things is going to be all good or all bad. Church people must be concerned with what we can buy and what we may have to pay with any given course of action.

### *Our Christian Responsibility*

Perhaps you are overwhelmed by some of the problems I have raised. If so, you have missed the point I have been trying to make: that science is one of the very important activities of man, and that it is providing tremendous opportunities for man to better himself if only he will use them properly.

Science, in effect, now is forcing mankind to play the role of God. Suddenly, it has given us the tools literally to alter the very nature of man himself—something which we previously believed to be solely the activity of God.

If we decide to use these tools to try to "better" man, then, obviously, we will be making Godlike decisions. By the same token, if we choose not to use these tools because we are afraid we might make a mistake, then in our denying them to some individual who could become more human by their use, we again will have made a Godlike decision.

In other words, we no longer can ask the question whether we will or will not play God. We will. The only question is how successfully. If we do it arrogantly and irresponsibly, as Hitler did, then catastrophe undoubtedly will strike again. But if we embark upon this path humbly, prayerfully, and above all, responsibly, then we may hope that mankind can achieve the status which his Creator planned. □



Sharing their home with George added richness to their lives, this Illinois family discovered. When you love any child unselfishly, says the author, his well-being becomes more important than your own feelings when you have to give him up.

# We Were Foster Parents

By MRS. ORVILLE C. BEATTIE

"THE PHOTOGRAPHER will be here in an hour," my husband, Carl, reminded me as I put a pan of brownies in the oven.

We had arranged for a photographer to take our Christmas-card picture this particular Saturday morning.

Then it occurred to me that George, who had come to stay with us just the night before, had no dress-up clothes to wear.

"He can wear some of mine," our eight-year-old David suggested. Even though George was a year younger, they were about the same size. Slacks, a white shirt, a sweater, and a bow tie just like David was going to wear, fit George perfectly. He looked pleased with his reflection in the mirror.

The day before, George's mother had gone in desperation to the Lake Bluff Children's Home. She knew nowhere else to turn with her three children. Her husband had deserted the family, and she could not work and take proper care of her children at the same time. Now she had exhausted her supply of relatives and good friends who had taken turns caring for them day to day.

At the children's home, the boys building was filled to capacity, so Miss Ray, the caseworker, had telephoned to see if George might spend the weekend with us while long-term arrangements were being made for him. We were delighted, of course.

By Sunday afternoon, during a brief family council meeting, we voted to have George stay with us as our foster son. Like *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, George came only for the weekend—but he stayed two years.

We often had taken children from the Lake Bluff Children's Home for special holidays, on picnics, to the circus, and on our summer vacations.

OUR David, who felt outnumbered by two sisters, wanted a brother, and we recently had informed the director that we were serious about having a boy live in our home.

We had tears of unhappiness in the very beginning of George's stay, especially at night, for he loved his mother dearly and missed her.

"You are the oldest boy in your family," we told him. "This makes you something like the daddy. The way you can help your mommy the very most is by acting like a big boy. She's just as lonesome for you. The more you and we help her, the quicker she will be able to take you back home with her to live."

His tears ceased and he rubbed a small fist across his wet face. Somehow he understood.

The following Sunday we started him in church school at Grace Methodist Church in nearby Lake Bluff. He went into David's class.

On the way home, we casually

asked the boys what stories they had read, what songs they had sung, and what they had learned.

"Nothing," came the usual answer from David.

"I learned about Jesus, and God, and Joseph and his robe, and his brothers, and his father, and their sheep," George volunteered, hardly taking time to breathe. "I forget the song we sang."

"Are you sure David was in the same class with you?" my amused husband asked.

"The song was *Onward, Christian Soldiers*," David informed us, staring out the car window.

George had discovered Jesus, and we gloried in it with him.

Monday morning George went to school—for the first time since the opening of the fall term about six weeks earlier. We decided, with Mr. Mortenson, the principal, to place him in the first grade again. If subsequent tests warranted, he would be promoted to the second grade.

We took George into Miss Cottingham's room, where a small reading group was sitting on a big rug. We introduced George and he hung his head shyly. Miss Cottingham showed George where he was to sit and gave him a book. We decided to stay for a few minutes.

"We're taking turns reading," she said, and they continued their lesson. Soon it was George's turn. No real parents could have felt more anxious than we did.



George began. He read so well that all the children raised their heads from their books in astonishment. George read on uninterrupted while his classmates stared at him. We were so proud we beamed.

This was the same book he had used the year before, and he knew all the words. The confidence that reading session gave him was the very thing he needed that first morning. He looked up at us and I saw the biggest smile I had seen since he arrived. I bit my lip to hold back tears and smiled in return.

The next night I was putting David's Cub Scout uniform on a chair for him to wear to school the following day.

"Uncle Carl," said George as he lay on his bed observing us. (He decided to call us Aunt Mary and Uncle Carl after several other titles that did not seem natural.)

"Can I be a Cub Scout?" he looked at the uniform admiringly.

"No, not this year, George. You must be eight years old to be a Cub Scout," Carl answered.

"Uncle Carl . . ." he began, then stopped for a moment. "How long can I live at your house?" We felt he was beginning to like it.

"You can live here forever if you want to," Carl said, and he patted George's head.

"Even for a whole year?" he asked wide-eyed.

"Even for a whole year."

"Goody." He settled back into his pillow. "Then I can be a Cub Scout."

GEORGE'S Cub Scout wish materialized the following year, and at Christmas he received a uniform and an assortment of paraphernalia. His eyes glowed as he opened the package Carl had handed him. When he got far enough into the wrappings to see what was in it, he began to rip paper wildly.

"Oh, Uncle Carl!" he squealed as he held the shirt up to his chest. He ran and threw his small arms around Carl's neck.

"Oh, Uncle Carl, you're wonderful! I like you."

Our whole family found it great fun teaching George the "rules" of the household. The children, especially, delighted in it, for they had taken so many things we did for granted that they had never realized there was any other way.

The thing that fascinated George was the chart that hung on the kitchen wall. I believe that most mothers talk too much, and I am no exception. The chart was a silent reminder of the daily chores.

The first week after he arrived he would slide his finger down the list and then run (not walk) to do whatever was next so he could be first to complete his check marks. Make bed, brush teeth, take bath, clear table, take out milk bottles, clean doghouse, and so forth.

And how eager he was to enter into all activities everywhere. He was the first to seat himself when we announced a family council meeting.

He almost knocked over the Christmas tree during the school play in his enthusiasm to say his much-rehearsed piece.

He practiced rope-jumping in the garage, alone, for three weeks after school so that he could get up the confidence and skill to jump with the other children at recess.

He struggled with his conscience, like Pinocchio, and he learned right from wrong and that the truth never makes one hurt inside as does not telling the truth.

He learned about allowances and how we divide and share what we have with others less fortunate. These were just some of the many wonderful things we shared with George as a member of our family.

One night after a Cub Scout meeting, George ran to Carl and climbed up into his lap (one of his favorite places). He told him that he and his "dad" had to make a project and display it at a forthcoming Scout meeting. They finally decided that Frisky was badly in need of a new doghouse. A few minutes later, while David was finishing his homework on the library table, George joined him there.

"David," said George with a glow of happiness.

"Yes," David answered automatically.

"David, could I call your dad, 'Dad'?"

"Sure," said David offhandedly. "I don't care." Then he raised his head from the paper that had had his attention, as if he were giving a little serious thought to this idea of giving the privilege of this private title away so quickly.

"Sure you could," he said on second thought, "because he's a swell dad."

The two boys continued to work at the library table as if some new

*George (standing) had been a member of the Beattie household only one day when the family posed for this Christmas-card picture. He stayed on for two years—and still returns for visits.*







## The Wicked Flea

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"

—JOHN WESLEY

One night while out visiting members of my church-school class, I accidentally bumped a shiny new Cadillac. The elderly driver, a woman of about 60, told me, "Forget it, Son. You didn't damage my car a bit."

But I insisted she take my card and call in case anything developed later. After I had driven away, I suddenly realized I had given her the card I always left for class members who weren't home when I called—the one which read, "Sorry I missed you—but I'll try again some time."

—ERNEST BLEVINS, Florissant, Mo.

A school inspector was questioning some boys: "Can you take off your warm overcoats?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can the bear take off his warm overcoat?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

There was a long silence, then a little boy spoke up. "Because only God knows where the buttons are."

—MRS. REA MILLER, Lansing, Mich.

My father, a minister, keeps under the glass on his desk a card with an inscription from Aets. One day he received a gag postcard and absentmindedly slipped it under the glass. Two months later, while straightening his desk, he noticed the cards side by side:

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" and "Do it tomorrow, you've made enough mistakes today."

—CAROL SHAW, Rome, Ga.

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? It's worth \$5 if it makes our editors laugh and we haven't used it before. Sorry, but we can't return those not accepted, so no postage.—EDS.

pact had made them something better than blood brothers.

Carl looked at me over his newspaper, and I could see his glow of great pleasure.

There was not a dad more proud than Carl at that Scout meeting when he and George took their project. (David went along to help carry it.) They won a prize and Frisky seemed happiest of all.

The next Saturday we all were working in the yard, and George watched Frisky bound in and out of his new house. Squatting down on the ground, George put his arms around the dog's neck.

"You're lucky, Frisky, to have your own house. Someday soon I'm going to have my own house again, too. Just like Uncle Carl and I had to work hard to make this home for you, my mom's working hard to make a home for me. Uncle Carl told me so."

The dog squirmed away with a loud yap. Carl, working close to the boy and the dog, never realizing anyone was observing him, took a big handkerchief from his old work pants.

Like all "happily ever after" stories, ours about George does have a happy ending.

Although George's mother was in the hospital for two major operations during the two years he lived with us, she finally regained her health and also her self-respect after paying all their old financial obligations. She had held two jobs at once during many of the long months he was at our house. Today George is back with her. She has remarried, and he now has a wonderful dad of his own. He is a man who is interested in family councils and allowances, and who has a great sense of being fair to his children.

When a new baby came into their home, the family called to say they had named him David, after George's foster brother. Our David's chest expanded about four inches.

George still comes to visit us. He has taught his mother to make cinnamon toast like Aunt Mary's. Many tales he tells his mother have a direct bearing on his life with us.

My husband and I discovered that when you love any child un-

selfishly, the child's well-being becomes far more important to you than what is going to happen to your own feelings when you have to give him up.

Maybe others would like to have the joy and satisfaction that was ours in having a foster child share their home and add richness to their lives. The procedure is simple: Call or write the children's agency nearest you. Address your inquiry to the director of the agency and tell him of your desire to share your home with a child. An application will be sent to you, and then a caseworker will call.

The most important qualifications, in our opinion, are a genuine love for children, an understanding heart, and a happy Christian home. The hours of great joy, along with the hours of concern and even worry over his welfare, will bring some of the greatest adventures in your adult life.

Recent figures of the Child Welfare League of America show that less than 3 percent of all children in our country's children's homes are orphans. In many cases, both parents are alive but are temporarily unable, or unwilling, to care for their children.

The greatest need today in child care is a good foster home—a natural environment for an uprooted child, the constant loving care of a mother and father, the good-night kiss with his own special prayers, someone to take an interest in him and help make his favorite cookies—or a birdhouse. The needs are the same, whether the child is yours, or a foster son or daughter. □

## REQUIEM FOR WYATT EARP

By MADELEINE LAEUFER

Pardon me, may I exchange

This cowboy suit I bought?

My six-year-old flew off the range

To be an astronaut!





*Stick a pin in the map almost anywhere east of the Mississippi, and this bold, determined horseman probably was there. Here, we backtrack . . .*

# Bishop Asbury in the Wyoming Valley

By HERMAN B. TEETER, Associate Editor

WHEN America's hinterlands needed great explorers, trailblazers, and far travelers, it produced them in abundance. Men like Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Lewis and Clark—along with a legion of unsung trappers and Indian scouts—moved boldly through the American wilderness, their eyes fixed always beyond the next hill, past the far bend of an uncharted river.

Compared to Francis Asbury, however, Daniel Boone and company were stay-at-homes who seldom ventured farther than the corner drugstore. He outdistanced them all, stayed at it longer, knew more prolonged hardships and physical suffering, sought no personal fortune, claimed no territories.

After arriving in the colonies from England in 1771 as one of John Wesley's emissaries to the

New World, Methodism's pioneer American bishop was on the go for almost 45 years, traveling some 250,000 miles in the wildest, most uncivilized fastnesses east of the Mississippi River.

One part of his itinerary was the Wyoming Valley of northeastern Pennsylvania, depicted in nine paintings on the following pages by TOGETHER's art editor, Floyd A. Johnson. While this region of the Appalachians, eroded and worn by the Susquehanna River and its tributaries, is small when compared to the vast distances Asbury covered each year, it serves as well as any to project the image of the great circuit rider against a map of pioneer America.

Today, one can speed through this valley on excellent highways; for the leisurely tourist with Meth-

odist and American history on his mind, it is a scenic route well worth two or three days of travel time. Note that the small highway maps which accompany the paintings feature events and personalities of the past in blue ink to set them apart from the modern scene.

In 1960, the Rev. Arthur Bruce Moss, pastor emeritus of New York's historic John Street Methodist Church, retraced Asbury's route in this part of Pennsylvania, following as best he could the entries in the bishop's *Journal* for June and July, 1793.

"The frontier fringe was held together by twisting foot and horse-back trails, the only ties between tiny scattered log-cabin settlements, often raided by plundering savages," Mr. Moss wrote. "Such roads were as familiar to the bishop



as the streets of a coastal city. Indeed, the maps he drew of hitherto uncharted areas proved remarkably accurate. His estimate of distances was positively uncanny; his hardihood amazing . . . This [in 1793] was the third such journey he had made in four years. So rugged was the terrain that only the hardest attempted it—so dangerous, that substantial groups, fully armed, alone dared the hazard.”

Some critics regret that Asbury was not a literary man who, had he the gifts of a poet or reporter, could have produced perhaps the most monumental volume of frontier Americana the world has ever known. But local color, dates, customs, mannerisms—all the detailed odds and ends that could help build such a graphic picture—were not his main concern.

He often let great events swirl about him practically unnoted. He was neither a poet nor an adventurer. He was building a church, he was saving souls, he was forever pressing on—35 miles in the snow today, 45 more in the rain tomorrow, through rivers, swamps, and dark forests. It seems that he was seldom free from colds, fever, diarrhea, rheumatism, and other ailments aggravated by exposure, fatigue, his uncertain and often meager diet.

No one told him he had to do these things. There is no evidence that anyone—not even John Wesley, the father of world Methodism—suggested that Asbury undertake such a superhuman mission. Back in his native England, he had worked as a blacksmith and was a local preacher. He volunteered simply by saying, “Here am I, send me,” when he heard Wesley declare that the handful of Methodists in America were in dire need of help.

Arriving at Philadelphia on October 27, 1771, Asbury discovered that most of the preachers were confining their activities to the settled communities of the eastern seaboard. Few wanted to face the dangers and hardships of a frontier where pioneer families were living beyond the reach of churches and schools.

“I am fixed to the Methodist plan,” he wrote, “. . . and I am willing to suffer, yes to die, sooner

than to betray so good a cause by any means.”

Picture him as he was then—a slender, blue-eyed man of less than 30 years, tackling the wildness almost single-handed. Later, when he was ordained a bishop by Dr. Thomas Coke, he insisted that he be elected in a democratic fashion. But for almost half a century his role would be that of a benevolent dictator. He got results.

In 1771, when Asbury arrived, there were possibly 10 Methodist preachers in America, and no more than 1,000 unorganized Methodists; when he died in 1816, there were 695 preachers and 214,000 Methodists in a flourishing church with nine annual conferences. The Methodist Church had outstripped all other denominations, although many of these had been in America more than a century before Asbury's arrival. A virtual army of Methodist circuit riders, in the pattern established by Asbury, were on the march.

THE *Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury*, published in three volumes by Abingdon Press of Nashville and Epworth Press of London, is the best picture we have of Methodism's heroic saint today. Certainly, he was not an educated man of Wesley's caliber, but he became both learned and wise in the saddle. The mere fact that Asbury's writings survive at all is one of those fortunate events of history. In collecting his works for publication, Asbury wrote: “As I have had no certain dwelling place in America, my manuscripts have frequently been exposed to be lost and destroyed; but, by the permission of Divine Providence, I have collected them together.”

Asbury wrote whenever he was lucky enough to find shelter, privacy, or a light in the night. He seldom had the time or energy to jot down more than the most laconic comments:

“We rode in the rain,” he would write. “It was almost enough to kill healthy men. After steeping our feet in warm water, we came to Brother Downing's. Next day we rode 28 miles . . . my rest being interrupted, I rose early and rode

through the cold. . . . Although very weak in body, I rode 30 miles; a dish of tea, and a biscuit and a half, was all my food until six o'clock in the evening.”

Just the same, Asbury's *Journal* is unique; nothing its equal exists in Americana. The two volumes of diary entries, consisting of some 1,600 pages, may be terse in some parts, but they have provided invaluable clues which enable scholars to shed further light on the man and his role as the father of Methodism in America.

To produce the paintings on the following eight pages, TOGETHER's art editor spent a week last spring in the Susquehanna-Hudson River regions of Pennsylvania and New York. Accompanied by Mrs. Johnson, armed with camera and sketch pads, he visited the sites of old forts, ferries, forges, mills, blockhouses, Indian villages, and wayside taverns that would have been known to Asbury. Many of the historical markers and monuments that line the route today recall the infamous Wyoming Massacre of 1778, during which hundreds of men, women, and children were killed by the British and Indians.

Here, too, the Pennamite-Yankee Wars broke out intermittently from 1769 to 1784, as Connecticut Yankees fought other settlers for possession of the rich region. (The Wyoming Massacre was avenged during the Revolutionary War in 1779 by Gen. John Sullivan who mobilized a force of 4,000 Continental troops on the Wilkes-Barre Common and in July of that year destroyed the villages of the Seneca Indians and the granary of the British forces in western New York.)

When the sesquicentennial of the Battle of Wyoming was observed in July, 1928, the official historical guide declared:

“Every mile of the valley is filled with a history of courage, endurance, perseverance, and achievement which may be revered by the present and which will serve as an example for the future.”

Methodists need not change a word of this in referring to one man: Francis Asbury, preacher, bishop, and tireless horseman of the long road. □



# New Jersey Area

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## Delaware Conference Transfer Completed

The New Jersey Conference became 20 churches larger on May 13, when that many congregations of the former Delaware Annual Conference were welcomed into conference membership. The New Jersey Conference also received a new executive, Dr. Hooker Davis, into its ranks.

The action followed the dissolution of the Delaware Conference on April 28 at a moving ceremony at Tindley Temple Church in Philadelphia. At that time, the Delaware Conference concluded its

103-year history and its churches were included in the geographical annual conferences of the Northeastern Jurisdiction. Bishop John Wesley Lord presided.

The transfer of churches was the result of last year's jurisdictional conference which ruled that all churches of the former Central Jurisdiction within the bounds of the Northeastern Jurisdiction should become part of the geographical annual conferences by the end of June. That mandate will be completed by this action.

At the same time, Dr. Hooker Davis, superintendent of the Wilmington District of the Central Jurisdiction, has been appointed director of urban work in the New Jersey Conference by Bishop Taylor. One of the outstanding leaders of the Central Jurisdiction, Dr. Davis will lead the work of the New Jersey Conference in its urban areas.

All clergy of the new conference churches will enter the New Jersey Conference at the same status they held in their former conference. Plans are being formulated for proper representation of clergy and laity of the newly received churches on conference agencies.

A similar reception of churches formerly of the Central Jurisdiction into the Newark Conference was carried out two years ago.

## Three Crosses Erected

Three crosses were put in place before the recently constructed New City, N.Y., Church on March 8—the day news pages were full of the story of Selma, Ala., and the death of the Rev. James Reeb.

The photo below, taken by Al Witt, a staff photographer of the *Rocland Journal News* of Nyack, N.Y., appeared in that paper the following day entitled "A Remembrance." The caption stated the remembrance of Christian martyrdom throughout the centuries.

The three crosses are 65, 50, and 35 feet tall and are a feature of the new contemporary structure which was consecrated on April 9. The Rev. Edwin M. Muller is pastor.



In memory of Christian martyrdom.

## Cranberry Lake Member Manages Nurses' Troupe



Student nurses at Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn have won another trophy for theatricals in competition in their New York State Student Nurse Association. This, the third consecutive win, gives the girls permanent possession of the trophy.

Judith Damberg, pictured in the photo above at the left, is production manager. She is a member of the Cranberry Lake, N.J., Church. Constance Curry, at right, student council president, is from the Peekskill, N.Y., Methodist Church.

All the talent shows in the competition were written, coreographed, produced, and presented entirely by the student nurses. Methodist Hospital's winning presentation, *The Four Seasons*, described the distinctive delights of being creatively alive during each season of the year.

## Award Given Documentary

At the Protestant Council's annual Broadcasters' Luncheon an NBC News documentary, *Incident on Wilson Street*, presented on the *DuPont Show of the Week*, was the recipient of an award for "Outstanding Achievement in Broadcasting" in 1964. Irving Gitlin, executive producer of NBC News; and William C. Jersey, writer-producer-director, made the presentation.

Dr. Samuel D. Proctor, communications executive of the National Council of Churches, addressed 200 New York City broadcasters and church leaders and called for a new era of intense cooperation between broadcasters and the churches.

## N.J. Council Assembles

*The War on Poverty* and *A Protestant View of the Vatican Council* highlighted the program for the annual General Assembly of the New Jersey Council of Churches, held in April, at First Church, Westfield.

The Rev. William A. Norgren, an observer at the Vatican Council, addressed the dinner meeting on the topic, *A Protestant View of the Vatican Council*. This was responded to by the Rev. Francis M. Keating, S.J., professor of theology at St. Peter's College in Jersey City.

The major part of the afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of the churches' involvement in the war on poverty. Sargent Shriver, director of the Peace Corps and the Office of Economic Opportunity, was invited to address the assembly.

Following his address there was a panel discussion on *The Church in Community Relationships* as it applies to various aspects of the war on poverty, and a series of one-hour workshops.



## Bishop Heads Council

New Jersey Area Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr. became presiding bishop of The Methodist Church for a one-year term when he was elected president of the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church during its meeting on April 23, at Houston, Texas. The bishop succeeds Bishop Lloyd Wicke of New York in this position.

Each year, the Council of Bishops elects one of its number to serve as its presiding officer. In the course of the year, the president also acts on behalf of the church at many functions and ceremonies. Bishop Taylor's term in office will continue until April, 1966.

## Balaram Visits Asbury Park

Bishop P. C. B. Balaram of the Lucknow, India, Area spoke at both morning services on Palm Sunday at First Church in Asbury Park. Bishop Balaram was elected recently by the Southern Asia Central Conference to take the place of retiring Bishop Sundaram.

He has been a delegate to the Methodist General Conference four times, and a member of the executive committee of the National Christian Council of India. He also has been awarded the medal of merit by the British government for his public service. He was instrumental in arranging the Indian Methodist centenary celebration.

In addition to giving the sermon, the bishop participated in the confirmation of new members at the Palm Sunday services.

## Debt Erased at Whitehouse

Whitehouse Methodist Church recently liquidated its 12-year-old mortgage, freeing the church from debt entirely. In the picture below, Mrs. Anna Stevens, treasurer, hands the final payment to stewardship and finance chairman, Clarence Honeyman, as financial secretary Herman Mingst and the Rev. William Wallace Poynter, minister, look on.



## THE BISHOP'S MESSAGE



## Positive Goodness

There are many times when the forces of unrighteousness prevail because the so-called righteous people are too inert. Those who believe in their cause and are willing to die for it, whether they are right or wrong, can make a tremendous impact upon life. Promoters of bad causes often triumph because a better way of life has not been presented. It is not enough simply to be good, but one should be good for something. Moral victories are achieved not on the basis of what people do *not* do, but on the basis of what they do in the interest of a good society.

The inactively "good" people frequently contribute to the corruption of society, not because they commit evil, but because they are not actively engaged in the achievement of the causes for good.

Some of the most dramatic and condemnatory words in the Old Testament are those concerning Eli, the priest who at one time guided young Samuel in the discovery of the voice of God. "I will judge the house of Eli forever," said the Lord, "for the iniquity that he knoweth, for his sons and daughters made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." There is nothing in this statement which indicates that Eli himself was not a good man, nor that he condoned the behavior of his children. His failure rested in the fact that while their conduct may have disturbed his heart tremendously, he did not actively attempt a scheme of reform.

Of course, our activity must be positive if it is to achieve the desired results. The crusader who goes out against something does not necessarily contribute to the development of the good society, however good his intentions are. It is unfortunate that so many good people spend their time working *against* some issue or institution or movement. Take, for example, many people who work against communism. They spend much of their time and energy pointing out what is right with democracy.

We desperately need men and women who have the courage and commitment to assert themselves in the interest of harmonious human relations and a just society. We rejoice in the fact that there are many such persons in the New Jersey Area who are doing just this, and may their tribe increase.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.

## Alma Mathews House Local Board Meets

The local board of the Alma Mathews House held its regular bimonthly meeting on March 24 at the House. Mrs. George Weyand, Tuckahoe, president, presided.

This board is made up of district representatives from the four districts in Newark Conference WSCS work and the eight districts in the New York Conference.

Mrs. Weyand is from the New York Conference; Mrs. Gottfried Marti of Arlington, vice-president, Newark Conference; Mrs. Chester Howard of Wallkill, N.Y., New York Conference; and Mrs. Roger K. Swanson of Linden, N.J., secretary, Newark Conference. The WSCS conference presidents of both these conferences serve by virtue of their office along with the secretary of membership cultivation of these conferences. Mrs. George Transom of Saugerties, N.Y., New York Conference and Mrs. Robert Taylor, Chatham, Newark Conference. Secretary of membership cultivation, Mrs. Earl Engle of White Plains of the New York Conference and Mrs. Arthur Jewell, of the Newark Conference.

The Alma Mathews House seeks to aid young Christian women by providing rooms at a minimum rental to make it possible for them to successfully begin the work they want to pursue. The board keeps the House in good condition.

JUNE, 1965 Vol. 9, No. 6  
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## Annual Conferences

The dates of June 16-20 have been set for the Newark Annual Conference. The conference will be held at Drew University.

The New Jersey Annual Conference will again be held in Ocean City the week of June 9-13.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., will preside at both conferences.

## Centenary Notes

The board of trustees of Centenary College was reorganized at its last meeting in Newark.

Dr. Edward W. Seay, president of the college, announced that Charles S. Van Auken of Paterson was elected president replacing Dr. J. Edgar Washabaugh of Morristown, who became president emeritus for life.

William L. Swenson of Royal Oak, Md., was elected first vice-president and Robert S. Curtiss of NYC second vice-president.

Re-elected were: Charles A. Van Winkle of Rutherford as secretary, Wilbur M. Rush of Washington as assistant secretary, and Joseph R. Ferry of East Orange as treasurer.

The executive committee of the board seated the elected officers and Frederick A. Frost of Newark and Richard C. Fowler of West Orange.

Two new committees were created. The budget committee will have Joseph R. Ferry, chairman; Robert S. Curtiss; and Dr. William L. Cancey of Morristown. The building and grounds committee is composed of Richard C. Fowler, chairman; Arthur D. Van Winkle of Rutherford; and Wilbur M. Rush.

• Mrs. Nancy W. Babington of Hackettstown, wife of the head of drama, has been appointed order librarian at Centenary starting in September. She replaces Miss Ila Osmun who is retiring.

• Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*, discussed *Beyond the Feminine Mystique: A New Image of Women* at the Sunday-evening convocation series.

• Proceeds from the biennial dance concert in the Little Theater went toward a scholarship for deserving students who will spend a summer studying dance at either Connecticut College for Women or Perry Mansfield in Colorado.

• Dr. Seay announced that the new dormitory, now under construction at Centenary, will be named for Dr. Hurst Robins Anderson, president from 1943-48.

• Elizabeth A. Hurley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hurley, Rutherford, was invited to serve as a page for the 74th Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Constitution Hall, Washington, D.C.

• The Centenary Singers, Pipers, and Candi Canes gave their 10th concert in Town Hall, New York City, with Longstreth and Escosa, harpists, as guest artists.

## Reunion of Physicist, Theologian Headline Spring News From Drew

Dr. E. T. S. Walton, Nobel Prize winner in physics and head of the department of physics, Trinity College University of Dublin, renewed a school acquaintance when he lectured in March at Drew University. Dr. Charles Ranson, dean of the Theological School, who introduced Dr. Walton, was a dormitory mate of the physicist when the two men attended Methodist College in Belfast, Ireland, the native land of both.

Dr. Walton's topic, *Common Ground for Religion and Science*, was particularly pertinent at a time when many feel that the progress of science has outdistanced progress in other fields, notably ethics.

In student council elections for the Theological School, Ralph Luker of Louisville, Ky., was elected president for the 1965-66 academic year. Other officers elected were: William H. Gray, III, vice-president; Miss Jean Crawford, secretary; and James H. Harris, Jr., treasurer.

Drew's Foresters presented Eugene O'Neill's award winning play, *Long Day's Journey Into Night* in Bowne Lecture Hall.

James W. Fowler, a B.D. candidate in Drew, the Theological School, is the recipient of one of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship graduate grants. He is the son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Fowler, Sr., of Lake Junaluska, N.C.

"The Synchers," Drew's Synchronized

Swimming Club, presented its annual spring production, a water ballet spectacular, in the Baldwin Gymnasium Natatorium.

James P. Carse and the Rev. Lawrence D. McIntosh are the recipients of the two Rockefeller Doctoral Fellowships awarded Drew University Graduate School students.

Twenty-five College of Liberal Arts students spent a spring weekend cleaning up a block in Brooklyn, N.Y., helping to assist a neighborhood project and guiding the neighbors in presenting their civic problems to the city authorities. Drew students have been working on this inner-city program for a year, particularly in the area of youth work.

The Rev. Lawrence D. McIntosh, minister of Christian education at the Chatham Church, is the recipient of a Rockefeller Doctoral Fellowship. A native of Australia, he was previously awarded a Dempster Graduate Fellowship by The Methodist Church and is completing work on his doctorate at Drew.

The annual Oscar Buck Fund All-University Drive among all students and faculty of the university will provide a scholarship for a pastor at the theological school at Sibul, Sarawak; and also will support the growing work of the Northern Student Movement for educational programs among underprivileged children in eastern inner cities.



Bishop H. Ellis Finger, Jr., Nashville, Tenn., commissions Miss Martha Dorothy Pierce, Lincoln, Vt., as a deaconess of The Methodist Church. Miss Pierce, a graduate of Drew University, Madison, N.J., will continue her service as a rural church-and-community worker. The commissioning of

five young women as deaconesses, March 26, at the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, was the climax of the Fourth National Methodist Deaconess Convocation. Bishop Finger is episcopal leader of the Nashville Area and chairman of the National Commission on Deaconess Work.



# News Briefs From Around the Circuit

• Dr. Robert L. Jenks, senior minister; and Dr. Jerry E. Carpenter, marriage counselor at the Haddonfield Church, discussed the church's counseling program on WRCS-TV, Philadelphia, recently.

• Salem Church, Pleasantville, had a week-long Spiritual Life Mission directed by the Rev. Thomas Eden.

• The mortgage at Centenary Church, Berlin, was burned just five years after the congregation constructed its \$100,000 educational unit. The Rev. Harold P. Johnson, minister, and District Superintendent George R. Probert presided.

• Fifteen youth of the Matawan Church sold themselves at auction to provide funds for their treasury. Members needing window-washing, baby sitters, car washers, painters, or any other service competed for the talents of the youth.

• Ground was broken for the new church at Hackensack on March 28 at its new site at Summit Ave. and Passaic St.

• Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Terpening of Nyack, N.Y., were honored by the congregation of St. Paul's Church on the occasion of their 70th wedding anniversary. Members of the church for over 36 years, they are still active in the work of the church, where Mrs. Terpening works at the Fair and her husband adds his voice to the choir.

• Bronze plaques memorializing Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Abramson were dedicated at First Church in Englewood. During the years, many substantial gifts were made to the church by this family, including the organ.

• Suffern Church has sold its property for \$105,000 and will soon be starting work on its new church. Interim quarters for the work of the church are being considered.

• The Youth Canteen at Emory Church, Jersey City, has made an appeal for volunteers to help supervise its Saturday night program. The canteen is designed "to create an atmosphere of acceptance" among young people who live in the deprived centers of Jersey City. Preliminary funds were supplied by the Newark Conference Board of Missions.

• The Ridge Church had a series of four sessions on *Music and Worship* with Prof. Alfred Haas of Drew as leader.

• First Church in Asbury Park will hold its annual Ladies' Night Dinner at the Homestead Restaurant in Ocean Grove, sponsored by the Methodist Men, on June 14. Hugh Tompkins, a member of the church who has traveled widely throughout the world, will show slides of trips to Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, and the Greek islands.

• Magnolia Church on the Camden District celebrated its 150th anniversary at week-long ceremonies just prior to Easter.

The Rev. Daniel F. Cline, minister, led the observance which included messages by the Rev. Davis C. Evans, president of the New Jersey Conference Historical So-

ciety, and Dr. Norman W. Paullin of Eastern Baptist Seminary. Other featured events included messages by former church pastors.

• Emmanuel Church, Penns Grove, celebrated its 120th anniversary from May 2-9 with Bishop Taylor bringing the message at the initial Sunday service. Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson of First Church, Montclair, son of a former minister of the church, also was a featured speaker.

A historical pageant and several original anthems written by the Rev. John N. White, minister of music at the church, were also presented.

• First Church, Westfield, has reason to be proud of their organist, Donald Dummer. He won second place in a national organ contest with over 38 other contestants participating.

• "Man of the Year" award was presented the Rev. Karl K. Quimby of Ridge-wood, at the Goodwill Industries dinner, by the Rev. Wallace Sorenson, superintendent of the Eastern District.

• Teaneck Church celebrated its 50th anniversary recently with a morning worship service, an afternoon "open house," and a catered steak dinner.

• A ground-breaking ceremony was performed on the site of the new church in Hackensack at Summit Ave. and Passaic St.

• Mr. and Mrs. James M. Correll of Inman, S.C., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Hazel Pauline Correll of Leonia, N.J., to the Rev. Alfred Nelson Bennett, pastor of the Methodist church in Boonton. Miss Correll is a deaconess and has been a member of the executive staff of the Methodist Board of Missions in New York City since 1961. Wedding is set for July 3.

## 1966 Meeting Planned

Dr. Clark W. Hunt, senior minister of First Church in Westfield, is heading the committee planning the first New Jersey Area Ministers' Convocation to be held at Buck Hill Falls, February 15-17, 1966.

The convocation will be planned for a longer period of time and will be more informal than other such ventures. An outstanding program has been secured for the initial session.

Heading the lectures will be Bishop Gerald Kennedy of the Los Angeles Area, Dr. Roy Nichols, and Dean Charles Ranson of Drew University School of Theology. Bishop Earl Ledden, who since his retirement has been a professor of worship at Wesley Seminary, will be the worship leader.

## WSCS Leader Chosen

Mrs. Arville Gilmore of Stone Harbor, N.J., was named the top leader of 337,400 Methodist women. She was elected to a four-year term as president of the WSCS of the Northeastern Jurisdiction. Her election and that of 12 other officers, and the commissioning of a young woman for Methodist deaconess service, were highlights of the annual meeting of the Northeastern Jurisdiction Woman's Society. About 500 women attended.

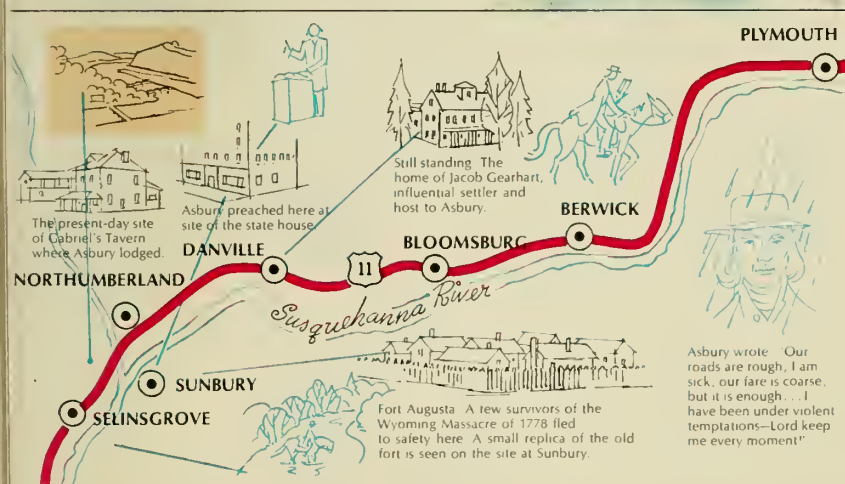
For the first time in the 25-year history of the Northeastern Jurisdiction Woman's Society, a deaconess was commissioned during the society's annual meeting. She is Mrs. Jane Morrison Myers, Cattaraugus, N.Y., and was commissioned by Bishop W. Ralph Ward of the Syracuse Area. As a deaconess she will continue her work as the pastor's assistant at the First Methodist Church in Cattaraugus.

The new or re-elected officers are shown below.



New officers of the Northeastern Jurisdiction Woman's Society, seated, left to right: Mrs. George T. Rouland, Mrs. F. Morris Cochran, Mrs. Arville Gilmore, Mrs. Paul Thayer, Mrs. Roy Thomas. Standing, left to right: Mrs. Eugene Steiner, Mrs. Fred Scheffe, Mrs. Carlos Crawford, Mrs. Robert Root, Mrs. Emerson Gardiner, Miss Elva Mae Stanley, and Mrs. Elbridge T. Holland.



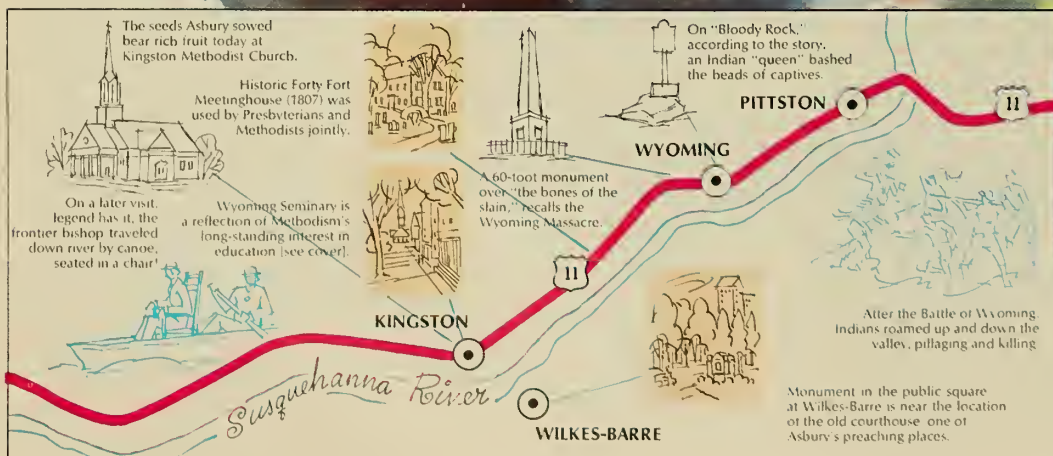


IT WAS late June, 1793, when Bishop Francis Asbury rode into the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania at the confluence of the two branches of the Susquehanna River (north of the present town of Sunbury). Behind him that year were the long Methodist trails through the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. His immediate destination was a conference in Albany, N.Y., but many more rugged miles remained on the Indian trails through swamps, across rivers, and over mountains. It was not his first visit to Pennsylvania, nor would it be his last.





Howard Johnson  
1964





THE WYOMING MASSACRE, one of the most violent events of the American Revolution, was fresh in memory when Asbury passed through Wyoming Valley 15 years later. Few tourists leave the region today without knowledge of the tragedy that befell defenders at the hands of a superior force of loyalists and Indians in 1778. Those who were not killed in battle took refuge in nearby Forty Fort. Induced to surrender, they then were tortured and killed. When Asbury returned to the valley in 1807, Forty Fort Meetinghouse (at left) was being built. Historical markers at the center of Wilkes-Barre (below) recall the days of heroism and tragedy and honor John Wilkes and Isaac Barré, for whom the city was named. They championed the American cause in the English Parliament.







Hayden Robinson  
1964



"THE HEIGHTS of the Susquehanna are stupendous," Asbury's *Journal* reports. "The bottom lands are very fertile; but this river runs through a country of unpleasant aspect, morally and physically—rude, irregular, uncultivated is the ground; wild, ignorant, and wicked are the people..." The bishop could, and often did, say the same things about many other areas on his endless itinerary along the frontier. Today, the mountains are just as high, but he would not recognize the railroads and freeways that stretch alongside the swift Susquehanna, nor the pleasant communities where churches and schools stand on foundations figuratively laid by this man whose superhuman mission was to bring salvation and enlightenment to the "wild, ignorant, and wicked" of a new nation. Asbury had been in the saddle since 1771; as he toiled through this valley in 1793, he followed Roaring Brook through Cobb's Gap where the Erie Lackawanna Railroad runs today (above). The modern tourist, retracing the bishop's route, would pass a business house at Dunmore (right), and in Scranton a dam where an early gristmill and forge foretold a sweeping industrialization of the valley, undreamed of in Asbury's time.







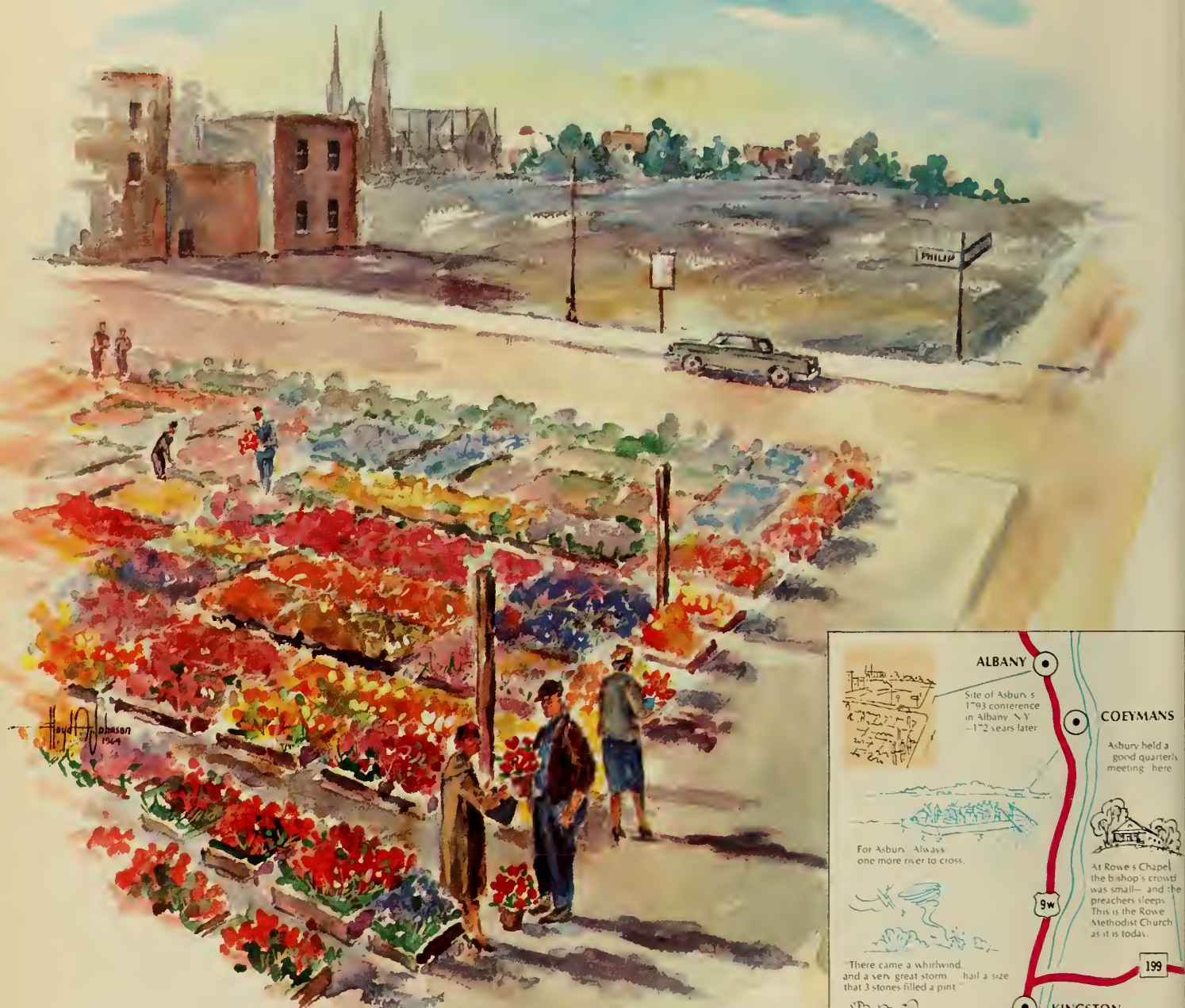


BY THE FIRST week of July, 1793, Asbury had pressed on toward Albany, crossing the Paupack River between the present towns of Lakeville and Paupack. Much of this area now is covered by Lake Wallenpaupack (above), created by a huge hydroelectric dam. The valley was heavily forested then and remains so in many places today. The artist's wife, Mrs. Mildred Johnson, noted that Paupack Methodist Church "is a small frame building surrounded by pine, hemlock, and maple trees so tall the church and parsonage seem tucked in under them." (The forest, she speculated, would soon swallow both structures if left alone for a few years.) At Boiling Springs, where Asbury probably watered his horse and refugees from the Wyoming Massacre once camped, jet planes now whistle overhead. But the spring, well off the main road, continues to force water to the surface, as it did 172 years ago. Visible from Asbury's route today is the New Jersey War Memorial (right) overlooking a beautiful recreation area.









ALMOST THREE WEEKS after entering Pennsylvania by way of Old Town, Md., Bishop Asbury arrived in Albany, "tired down with fatigue and labour." There he met a small group whose spiritual descendants were to form the city's First Methodist Church. Their building, recently razed for an urban renewal project, stood opposite the flower market pictured above. At stops between Port Jervis and Albany, the bishop visited Marbletown, where "I found the work of God going on among the Low Dutch—those, of all the people in America, we have done the least with." And at Cocoyman's Patent, he held a quarterly conference. By July 22 he had entered Connecticut, and during the next five months, he preached in 10 more states, ending in South Carolina. And he would comment: "I have lately felt all the grace I had put to trial...I am sometimes tempted to wish to die; but I fear it is wrong; I rather choose to wait the Lord's time." That time would not come for another 23 years.

—H. B. TEETER







*Some youngsters from the Shattuck Avenue Church neighborhood never had had a book read to them before reading parties, now held twice each week, were started in the parsonage.*

## A Leaven in the Loaf

*Engulfed by a modern city's swirling change, this California church struggled successfully into a new community role—and a new life.*

*By POLLY MUDGE HOLMES*

NOT LONG ago two babies were baptized in a moving service of music, poetry, and original litany at Shattuck Avenue Methodist Church in Oakland, Calif. As a part of the service, the young minister charged the congregation with responsibility to provide a climate of genuine love and concern in which these children would grow and find their way to God.

Three couples stepped forward to accept this responsibility on behalf of the parish. It was only inci-

dental, I am told, that the six close friends whom the parents had chosen for this role happened to be a couple of Japanese ancestry, a Negro couple, and a Caucasian couple.

I walked from this dramatically simple service with a profound sense of renewal. "Do they do things like this to you every Sunday?" I asked a smiling Negro woman. She replied:

"Around here we've come to expect the unexpected."

On another Sunday in the modest white frame church, a husky Negro youth who often had been in trouble with the law stood in the pulpit after taking the vows of church membership.

"I gotta go back to my old friends," he said. "They need me. When they try to get me to lift that bottle or to join a fight, it's hard to resist—and sometimes I give in. But if you all stand behind me, I think I can make it."

In most churches, such festivals



of love as I witnessed at Shattuck Avenue would be spectacular and daring experiments. But the people of this congregation have become accustomed to expressing the Gospel in fresh, dramatic terms. They are a conservative group, in the main, yet they have learned to live in the generation and the location where they find themselves. As a result, they are a body of struggling Christians, busy not with uniting the races in Oakland but busy doing the work of the Lord in Oakland—unitedly.

Because Shattuck Avenue membership is not composed of social liberals who consciously have sought an integrated or progressive church, the transition from a tradition-bound all-white church to an imaginative and racially balanced one has not been made without difficulties. The congregation has gone through periods of bold questioning and prayerful wavering.

When it became obvious several years ago that a fine church with a proud history was failing to serve a cross section of its neighborhood, the congregation could easily have sidestepped further responsibility. Many long-time members were moving to the suburbs, and since the church building was 50 years old, some wanted to build a new structure farther out; others wanted to abandon the church altogether. But still others knew that if they took the easy way out, they would leave behind a community that needed a church.

Under the firm, relentless prodding of the then pastor, Warren Peters, the church faced its responsibility to find its place as an instrument of God in society. This challenge, however, would have gone unaccepted had it not been for a handful of conscientious laymen. Without their courage and commitment, the corner of Shattuck Avenue and 63rd Street probably would be a parking lot now.

Once the choice was made to stand and serve, the congregation moved ahead as if everybody were enthusiastically devoid of prejudice. This was not always easy. The new Negro constituents were polite enough, but responded to the church's program with cautious testing. They had been hurt too

many times before to embrace at once the friendship now offered.

The youth of both races, not accustomed to socializing in mixed groups, felt uncomfortable and steered clear of the church. Parents who were willing to accept every other fact of integration were afraid of the possibility of mixed dating. White families with small children moved out in search of better schools, so that the church school faced the prospect of becoming all-Negro. In spite of good intentions, defeat seemed imminent.

But Shattuck Avenue Methodists have made a practice of taking the positive rather than the negative step. In 1961, Robert G. Olmstead, a first-year seminary student, was hired to direct the church's waning youth program.

To begin with, Bob and his wife, Carol, invited two or three neighborhood young people at a time to their apartment for lunch or for an evening. Quickly they developed friendships and uncovered problems. A large group of teen-age boys had their first introduction to Bob when he went with them to appear before a judge at juvenile hall. Not long after this genuine interest was shown in the boys individually, they began attending Methodist Youth Fellowship.

Among the activities was a sports program designed to give the boys a place to gather and an incentive to work together. The girls were welcomed to the choir, given real responsibilities in the total church program, and encouraged to cheer for the sports events.

But probably the most important factor was the building of one-to-one relationships. Young people who had troubles (as most young people do, especially in a racially mixed community) found that they had adult friends who not only understood what they were going through but would accept their gripes without administering sermons. They were not even urged to come to church, though more and more of them began hanging around just because it was a satisfying place to be.

Early in this process of winning the confidence of the young people, the entire church began taking on a new glow of life. Parents of both



*Robert Olmstead was just 22 and was not yet ordained when he became pastor in 1962.*

races met together to discuss problems of raising children in an integrated society. Differences which could not be discussed elsewhere for fear of misunderstanding were freely aired in the church family.

In 1962, Warren Peters was reassigned, leaving the pulpit vacant, and it looked again as though the Shattuck Avenue Church might falter. Instead, the members asked that their student youth director, who was barely out of college, be made the pastor. It is almost unheard of for a student who has not even been ordained to be entrusted with the leadership of a good-sized city church—much less a church with the problems that faced this one. But at the age of 22, Bob Olmstead was appointed to his first congregation—and ordained before it a few months later.

The first time the young pastor spoke before his annual conference he said: "Black is not a skin color; it is a state of mind. The boys who play stickball in the street in front of our parsonage 'feel' black because they 'feel' that they don't stand a chance."

The mission of Shattuck is to change that state of mind, and change has come by many paths. Discussion groups meet in the houses of parishioners of all races and cultural backgrounds. An annual all-church planning retreat in the mountains is a galloping success. Mixed visitation teams each month call on unchurched families.



One of a wide range of artistic experiments was a series of original plays in which casting was done without regard to skin color. In group discussions which followed, people of differing backgrounds said they had been helped to identify with each other and to understand themselves with a new accuracy.

It became obvious to church members that nobody really knew the limits of what could be done by ordinary untrained Christians like themselves in this reserved, distrustful, and extremely heterogeneous community.

One of the most pressing needs was educational, and a scholarship fund was established which now helps send two students to college each year. A weekly tutoring program at the church helps public-school students who need assistance. For preschool children, some of whom have never before had a book read to them, there is a reading party twice a week at the parsonage, where volunteer mothers read great books and frivolous stories to prepare the children for learning experiences. There were cooking, sewing, and charm lessons for older girls.

In the spring of 1964, after nine weeks of study, eight examinations, required individual projects, and required attendance at MYF and morning worship, 22 young people joined the church. More than 30, with the church's help, attended summer camp.

For the adults, a weekly community forum has dealt with neighborhood social problems, in-

cluding school dropouts, fair-housing practices, and parent-teen relationships. The social-action committee has provided a service to register potential voters.

The church also has been sensitive to the need for variety in worship experiences. Long-neglected Sunday workers soon will be invited to come in their work clothes at 6 a.m. on a weekday, and there are plans for a Sunday-evening gospel service, less formal than the morning services.

"In any large city, at any given time," says Bob Olmstead, "nearly 25 percent of the population will be at work. If the church insists on centering its life in the Sunday morning worship, it is failing to serve the city!"

Recently a fourth-grader in the church school shaped a piece of modeling clay into the form of a head. "Pow!" he screamed, as he smashed it with his fist. His teacher, instead of reprimanding him, put her arm around him and said: "Sometimes it's hard to get along with your mother, isn't it?" After church school she went home with him and befriended his mother as they talked about the family's problems. "We missed the teacher at church that morning," says the pastor, "but what she was doing was far more important. She was on the mission of the church."

Shattuck Avenue is an energetic and creative congregation. But probably the greatest service it has performed has been the establishment of a fellowship in which people of vastly different histories can feel at home together. In the

past year, several interracial teams from Shattuck regularly have visited other churches to witness to their experience. The youth group, which two years ago wanted no association whatever with white young people, this year has paid frequent visits to other churches to swap jokes, plans, music, and views of race relations. Since early in 1964, a crowd of teen-age rock 'n' roll musicians and fans have filled the parsonage with song and laughter many afternoons after school. Even the most wary nonparticipants in the youth program come to the parsonage to see what's going on. These young people until recently were loitering on street corners.

These and many other subtle differences are the *real* indications that the decision made five years ago in the privacy of a few Methodist homes in north Oakland is changing a community.

Of course, there is still a long way to go. "American Protestantism has hardly any significant influence in the city," says Mr. Olmstead. Even this racially relaxed church has not completely bridged the gap caused by generations of living next to, but separated from, each other.

But the people are struggling to come alive to the requirements that face the "body of Christ" in the city today. Some of the families who moved away a few years ago are coming back to be a part of a more inclusive and creative fellowship. Community problems are being solved with relative ease because people of all backgrounds meet and worship together and become friends.

"The racial change of the community presented a crisis which the church grasped as an opportunity," says the pastor. "It has been a winnowing and enriching experience. Under the pressure of the circumstances, our commitment has been deepened. Too many churches try to avoid controversy and, by doing so, they lose a great opportunity."

Obviously, Shattuck Avenue Methodists have not yet fulfilled their responsibility to God and to the people of north Oakland. But they have taken the necessary first step: they have made the choice to "be Christ" to the lonely and bewildered man in the city. □

## SUNDAY RELIGION

I am dying at last.  
Always you put me by myself,  
entirely separate  
from your daily life,  
as a fragile ornament  
to be held carefully once a week.  
Yes, I die!  
My heart, my source of power, is love.  
You cut the arteries of hope,  
the veins of faith you snapped,  
commanding, "Take your place  
above that lovely plaque."  
There my life force  
which might have challenged evil men  
and beaconed home the lost  
flows hopelessly into a requiem.

—Betty Adkins Fukuyama





*Dr. Norman A. Desrosiers, man of many talents, built his own plane.*

**MEETING** Norman Desrosiers, you might guess that he is a physician, a minister, a pilot, or a musician. And you would be right on all counts.

Dr. Desrosiers is medical director of the North Carolina Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center, a 56-bed state hospital for alcoholics in Butner, N.C. On most Sundays, however, you can find him directing the choir—including his wife and at least a couple of his four sons—at Community Methodist Church. Occasionally, too, as the Rev. Norman Desrosiers, he dusts off his bachelor of divinity degree and preaches at one of the churches within driving or flying distance of Butner.

The doctor is a licensed pilot, and he flies a plane

he built himself. He also built the family's Danish-style furniture. He was once a talented tap dancer, and his knowledge of the printing trade helped to pay his way through college.

Dr. Desrosiers sees his work at the rehabilitation center as a continuation of his work for God. One pet peeve is for anyone to say that he has left the ministry (he once was chaplain at a mental hospital). His philosophy is that his ministry as a Christian continues wherever and however he can help any man or woman who is in need. He speaks frequently about both psychiatry and religion to high-school students, doctors, pastors, and "anybody else who will listen." □

*Jean Saubert: On campus and off skis.*



**JEAN SAUBERT** came out of the 1964 Winter Olympics with two medals, the admiration of the sports world, and a rating as the United States' top woman skier. Since then, however, she has tapered off, for she says that her future is in working with people, not in lonely and rigorous training for personal honors.

The unassuming coed is now finishing her education at Oregon State University, where she has been an active member of the Wesley Foundation and of First Methodist Church in Corvallis. "She has a keen moral sense, a good ethical taste, and an amazing sensitivity to people," says the Rev. Richard A. Lawrence, former Wesley Foundation director. "She combines strength with kindness and perseverance."

Jean, 22, an education major with an A-minus average, will take those qualities into teaching—perhaps in the Peace Corps or with retarded children. Says Miss Bernice Forest, whom Jean helped with teaching a church-school class:

"Jean is a very sincere Christian." □



# UNUSUAL Methodists

**TALK TO** any of the 5,000 men who attended the third National Conference of Methodist Men in 1961, and chances are that they will reminisce with special feeling about the moments of musical fellowship. To the joy of those initiated, song leaders Bill Mann and Ed Stallings plan to be on hand again at Purdue University July 9-11 for the fourth conference.

Bill, who is director of evangelistic music at First Methodist Church in Dallas, has inspired innumerable Methodist gatherings and has sung at many others, including Billy Graham crusades, since he decided at the end of World War II to give his life to Christian service through music.

Ed, whose personality seems to warm the farthest corner of the largest auditorium, will be the man in the spotlight during informal singing. Ed is lay leader in charge of music for the California-Nevada Conference, and he has traveled widely to lead singing at all kinds of church meetings, including sessions of Methodism's General Conference. Few who have seen him on stage know that his bread-and-butter job is as a civilian storekeeper for the U.S. Navy. □

**LEONTYNE PRICE's** singing, one critic has said, takes the listener beyond astonishment to sheer marvel. Her Metropolitan Opera debut in 1961 was followed by a 42-minute ovation, the most prolonged demonstration of enthusiasm ever witnessed there. And when New York's Lincoln Center opera house opens next year, Miss Price will premier the role of Cleopatra in Samuel Barber's new opera, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Leontyne Price has the inheritance of two Methodist-minister grandparents, and a background of hard work, discipline, and faith. "I never doubt God's power in all of this," she says of her unprecedented career. Back home in Laurel, Miss., Miss Price has sung out to raise church funds. "I think those concerts represented a great deal of progress for a little town in the deep South," she explains. "For an hour and a half, we weren't white and black, we were just human beings. In Laurel, I know no hate or prejudice."

Miss Price now lives in a 12-room gabled house in New York's Greenwich Village and belongs to Washington Square Methodist Church, where she occasionally sings on Sunday mornings. □



*Bill Mann (left) and Ed Stallings, song leaders.*

*Leontyne Price at Inauguration Day ceremony.*








MIDMONTH REVIEW

# Is the Church *Listening to the World?*

This was the question put to the men whose faces you see above, during the 1964 Methodist Convocation on Evangelism in Chicago, Illinois. The five were asked to probe the communication gap between the church and the world. Does it really exist? Why?

What's ahead? Here are their answers to this cluster of questions.



## *'Too often we churchmen speak before we listen'*

By Willard J. Rand, Jr.

Program Counselor, California-Nevada Conference  
San Francisco, California

IN A conference recently, where the theme was the church as an agency of communication, I was impressed by a discussion of communication as "the meeting of meaning."

One speaker was saying that too often we churchmen *speak* before we *listen*. But a part of dialogue is the feedback—the message that comes back in the listening process. The world has much to say to the church.

In proclaiming our faith, some of the data we need to make it come alive is out there in persons who may never come into the

church. The art of listening and involving ourselves in this phase of dialogue certainly is vital. I think we can get direction and learn how to communicate by listening more. Otherwise, there is a barrier.

We need to listen and to feel the yearning of the questions, the doubts, the feelings of fuzziness. We should be listening to discover whether the words we speak to groups outside the church actually are understood to mean what we think they mean. It is easy for us in the church to develop a pattern of preaching, of communication, which says one thing to those who

are church-oriented but which completely misses the mark with those who may need what we have to say but who are not tuned in on our wavelength.

The church, of course, should be in creative tension with our culture. The question sometimes is raised: Are we of the church in a state of creative tension with the outside world? Is it possible really to get involved in the kind of dialogue that creates tension in a time of affluence? We are so much a part of our culture that this may be expecting too much.

On the other hand, I can testify to signs of an emergence in a new sense of the ministry of the laity. As I work with church groups, I discover that most laymen equate the church member's loyalty and devotion with a great deal of involvement in "church work." If a man can be out of his home five or six nights a week, cook at the men's breakfasts, usher, and teach a class, he thinks he is a good layman.



But the moment the laity begins to understand that there is a ministry out there in the world which they can perform, the whole pattern begins to change.

I recall one day preaching on the subject, "Every Christian—A Minister With a Mission." During a coffee break between services, I was talking with a young man about his job, and he said he was an insurance man. I said, "Tell me, what do you as a *Christian* insurance man have to offer the world that another insurance man—not a churchman but who is concerned about his clients and is a good man of integrity—does not offer?"

After nearly dropping his cup of coffee, he said, "Nobody ever asked me that before!" But this is the question which makes the ministry of the laity meaningful in terms of daily life as a Christian witness.

I can, however, report three signs of renewal in the church that seem to be characteristic of the West Coast. One is the realization that we experience the church best in a small group. The small group not

only is a task-oriented group, but it is a church group having redemptive qualities. Second, there is an awareness of the need for Bible study as the point of reference for Christian living. Third, I am hearing more people expressing the idea of the laity as the people of God, with a ministry to the world.

I hope we soon will discover the means by which questions could be asked that are not being asked right now. For example, in the whole area of minister-layman relations.

One practical way to do it would be to invite official boards to take time, particularly as a minister begins his ministry, to work on the question: How do we see each other's roles? Let the minister put down his task as he sees it, and let laymen put down their understanding of his task, then talk about it. Later, do the same thing with the task of the laity and talk about that together. Differences of opinion would lead to discussions about sharing in the church and how ministers and laymen can work together instead of separately. □

# *'We need courage to hear out the enemies of the church'*

By Lawrence L. Lacour

Director of Preaching Evangelism  
Methodist Board of Evangelism, Nashville, Tennessee



I AGREE with the basic assumption that the church is not in communication with the world as it should be. But I do not think this is the place to start. I think we had better raise the question: Are we in communication with each other in the church?

We are in a life situation today where people do not know how to communicate with one another. Even in the church, we cannot talk with each other about our faith. Too often when we attempt communication, it is in clichés. It is word against word, but not meaning with meaning.

In a course I taught at one of our theological schools, I made this assignment: Find some person you

think might not be a committed Christian and try to confront this person with Christ. Then write a two-page paper on why you selected this person and what you tried to say. If you don't think this is fair, write a paper telling why.

Each week thereafter I would ask at the beginning of the class, "Who has communicated with someone outside the structure of the church in trying to confront him with Christ?" Four weeks passed and nobody had. They said they were too busy running their churches and being in school. We took a whole hour to ask if this was or was not their task. Then one fellow put his finger on what he believed was the nub of the prob-

lem: we can hardly communicate with anyone about anything that is really serious and personal.

Of course the church's obedience is to Christ, which is our basic commitment. This assumes that we try to confront a person with Christ inescapably, so that he registers his "yes" or his "no." We have not really communicated with the outsider until this happens.

We already have something in our culture that we can work with. Our culture still favors people getting into the church on Sunday morning to worship God. There is the world, right there in the church. Let us accept this secularized concept of the church and do something about the people we have.

I am not prepared to say that we must wait to communicate with the world until we are in communication with God and one another. We have to communicate with the world to discover that we may not have anything to say. Many a layman will never communicate with anyone about faith until he comes home after having fallen on his face trying to do this.

We have gotten over the cocksureness that we have all the answers. This is a part of the theological ferment of our time. I think we are going to have to have a new kind of evangelist speak to our time. The novelists—there is no group of people that need conversion more right now—have a good doctrine of sin but no doctrine of redemption.

We need a new kind of entertainer who will spoof this culture of ours into doing some more serious thinking about itself. We need more programs like the *Tonight* show, but with someone asking more serious questions of the people who are there. We perhaps need ministers who have enough courage in their communities to line up enemies of the church and hear them out, over the air.

I would like to see us experiment with some new forms in the church and the ministry. For example, I would like to see in some of our very mobile areas, places where we have no property, churches in homes. Why can't we have the minister or a committed layman, rather than land, become the foundation of a church? □





## *'There is a desire to hear, but we respond in clichés'*

By Emerson S. Colaw

Pastor, Hyde Park Community Methodist Church  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I GET the impression that the church is listening to what is being said by the dramatist, by modern art, modern architecture, and social experimentation. The church seems willing to hear, through these media, a definition of the needs to which the Gospel must be addressed. Whether we know how to address the Gospel to these needs is another question.

We continue to respond in clichés. For example, when you say we must "confront people with Christ inescapably," what does this mean to the man on the street? What kind of confrontation is taking place in the dynamics of his life when you use that phrase?

The question has been raised: Do we need the church as an insti-

tution? This is a real question. It is another way of asking whether there is any salvation outside the church.

At present the parish church is the structure through which organized Christianity works. I do not think anyone is saying we must do away with the church, necessarily, but that we must become aware that we should not equate salvation with the traditional forms of church membership. Even Baptism is not salvation.

The church is a place where we come to equip ourselves for its ministry. The pastor must sense his responsibility as a Bible and theology instructor. Then trained laymen can move into their ministry. The church is alternately

gathered for worship and training, and then it is dispersed for its ministry in the world on Monday. This kind of concept has validity for the continuance of the church—the institutional forms of it.

There are two things happening along the lines of renewal that impress me these days. One is initiation of family evangelism based on a concern to Christianize the home. There is an awareness that religious experiences first happen within the structure of the home, in its nature, atmosphere, and environment.

A second thing is an openness on the part of the church to experiment, to engage in dialogue, and to bring together evangelism with Christian social concerns. This is healthy and heartening.

You cannot give away what you do not have. Any effort and attention directed toward renewal of the church must involve a quickened awareness of biblical theology, a sense of the immediacy of God, and a desire to share what has happened to me, personally, in the sense that this is defined in the Scriptures. □

## *'Communication is impossible until laymen can handle it'*

By Ben C. Johnson

Associate Secretary for Lay Activities  
Southeastern Jurisdiction, Atlanta, Georgia



IF WE ARE going to enter into dialogue meaningfully, we must experience a renewal within the life of the church. Of course this is the big discussion today: What is the true nature of the church? Are we an institution, an organization, or a *koinonia* (fellowship of sharing)? Should we exist as we are, or do we need some different structure to enter meaningfully into the life of the world?

Within the church, we are unsure of our message. We are Christian implicitly but not explicitly. To discuss dialogue with the world is impossible until laymen, who must bridge the gap and encounter the world (through the people they meet, in offices where they work),

begin to be the communicators.

One of the most effective ways to communicate in the church is through a transformed laity. When we take vital laymen into a church and let them talk to implicit Christians, this experience helps make their relationship to Christ explicit. Many of them never have encountered another layman who expresses his faith in lay language, free of ministerial clichés, and is not paid to come and share with others what he has found Christ to mean in his life and his business and his family.

There are some who talk about doing away with the institutional church. I have asked some people who are saying this, "What is the church going to look like in the

world?"—and nobody knows. You go out into a factory and say, "There is the church where the man exists and works and makes decisions." But what about his children and family? They do not go to the job with him. We do not yet know what we are talking about when we say the church in the world.

The bulk of our people in America are not caught up in the skepticism which the intellectuals (artists, writers, and dramatists) are talking about. They are rather like men who are lost in the forest. They know rather little about God and religion, but some would like to know more.

In the Southeastern Jurisdiction, we are experimenting with what we call "lay-witness missions." Teams of laymen, who have become vital in their witness and interpretation of the Gospel, pay their own expenses and travel to a local church to conduct the weekend mission. In essence, they move into the church and live with the people. There are consultations, sharing of



experiences, small groups in which we listen as the church members play back their needs to us. Then we seek to speak to those needs and carry on dialogue.

One layman says to another layman, "This is how it works," in a very straightforward and sometimes crude way, but he honestly lays his life open. And the listening layman is shocked. He says, "Man, there's another guy just like me."

Out of this encounter come small groups that are interested in study and growth and personal cultivation. New life creates a sense of mission and ministry on the job. The goal of this kind of evangelism is not to bring about a total change

over a weekend. It is simply to go in, strike sparks and say, "Now you can do with it what you want to."

The lay-witness mission idea is shaking some churches to their roots. I hope we can redefine the church so that the layman who is renewed, who has something to share, feels he has the authority to do so.

Therefore, I would like our renewal to move beyond a stage of lay training, so that a man under authority has the guidelines of the Bible and of church history, and the basic background that the minister has. I would like to see more experiments that would release this force of the laity into the world. □

make decisions, not where they happen to hang their hats or sleep.

The fruit of theological discussion is ripening all over. We can say we do not understand it, but that does not stop the discussion. None of the books I have read has suggested that the local church, conceived as we conceive it, would disappear for families, or anything like that. They simply are saying that we must be open to new forms of Christian witness.

But, looking at the matter from the other side, we should be aware that this idea of listening to the world can be a snare and a delusion. Tillich's method of correlation (the world raises questions to which the Gospel brings answers), helpful as it is, also has its problems.

As Bonhoeffer points out, modern man is not even asking about God anymore. That is, we may not be able to answer the world's questions by the Gospel, as we usually think of it. Or we may misinterpret the questions—see a few plays, look at a few paintings, and say, "This is the way modern man is."

Our assumptions about the way modern man is could be completely false. Apparent questions may not be the real ones. We tend to manipulate our own problems and questions, revealing only what we desire to reveal. This is one reason biblical preaching can be meaningful, for it speaks to real needs, not the ones we think we have.

Concerning renewal, one thing that has impressed me most is the preaching I have heard among our younger men.

Also, there is more of an air of self-judgment in the church. I interpret this as none other than God's judgment, that we are able to look at our message without being defensive about it.

In the future, we need a crash program of education in the church. If I were going into the pastorate, I would spend my time at two points. One would be preaching. Second, I would spend half of my time as a teacher. I think the preacher must become humble enough and scholarly enough to teach adults and to help make lay theologians out of these people who are the church. □

## *"This idea of listening can be a snare and a delusion"*

By Ronald E. Sleeth

Professor of Preaching  
Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Texas



I MUST confess I have had an upsetting experience in the past few months. I have been following the whole *Honest to God* backlash, and I find people comfortably insulated from it. If I understand rightly, the interpreters of Bultmann, Bonhoeffer, and Tillich, in essence, are saying that modern man is "mature."

What is going on in the world today is producing a lot of questions, of course, but it also produces answers. We may have to be willing to jettison all the structures that we know and call dear, realizing that God himself is working in the culture and that the church may be standing in the way of God.

There is an endeavor in our time to free the church of certain encrustations, and to many persons this has been a liberating experience. I think it has helped many people to be told that they can be Christian and still not have to decide whether God is "up there" or "out there."

The theologians are saying that modern man has outgrown the framework through which most of us became Christians. Bonhoeffer says people have come of age now,

so we can talk directly about confronting them with Christ. We need to worry about living as Christ toward our neighbors, each Christian man standing where he is.

We have to quit thinking of the church as over-against the world. The people inside the church are really outsiders, and we must quit assuming that people who sit in the pews are ready to take the Gospel somewhere.

I agree that the basic task is church renewal, but we ought not to make a dichotomy between church renewal and extension of the Gospel into the world. The witness of the church renewing itself is also the church in the world.

The Rev. Colin W. Williams, an Australian Methodist who wrote *John Wesley's Theology Today*, makes the point that the parish church is a structure that might have to go, simply because it is a medieval concept. It is set up as a resident parish, and people no longer spend most of their time where they live. Decisions are made in other places, and we have to restructure our whole Christian commitment around where people



# What Is the CHURCH'S BUSINESS?

By L. BEVEL JONES III

Pastor, St. Mark Methodist Church  
Atlanta, Georgia

And when they had prayed, the place in which they were gathered together was shaken; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke the word of God with boldness.—Acts 4:31

A FEW months ago, the church I served was in the process of demolishing the old sanctuary to make room for a new one. A little boy, passing by in the car with his family, stared in dismay at the partially destroyed building and exclaimed, "Look, they're going out of business!"

While few would say the church is going out of business, there are many who are wondering just what the church's business is.

The question uppermost in the minds of concerned individuals is how we, as free peoples, can win the struggle for dignity, integrity, and lasting peace for mankind everywhere. The consensus of the most discerning and dedicated leaders is that there must be

a rediscovery of the free world's spiritual resources, the reviving of a dynamic religious faith.

This means specifically a renewal of the Christian church. Historically, we have our precedent in Pentecost. The secret is wrapped up in our text.

*"The place . . . was shaken"*

This needs to happen to the church today. William Barclay, in *The Promise of the Spirit*, relates how Rita Snowden was walking with a friend in a village in southern England. They came to a little church and went in. There were 3 in the choir, about 20 in the congregation, and the vicar. Says the famous authoress:

"Hymn and psalm and prayer, and the quiet murmuring voice of the vicar tended to take my thoughts out of the windows in the morning sunlight and over the fields and far away. The pity is, it was all so harmless, so gentle, so proper."

This was Jesus' great criticism of the church into which he was born. It was so proper, so pompous, so





respectable. In effect, they hung a sign on the door, "Do Not Disturb." And because the itinerant minister from Nazareth stirred them up, disregarded their time-honored traditions, exposed their smug pretenses, challenged their deceitful practices, they did away with him.

Herein is the wonder of the abidingness of the people of God. As head of the church, Jesus Christ is forever probing, prodding, provoking his followers, insisting to the point of irritation that we remain sensitive to our own shortcomings and alert to the ever-changing and expanding needs of the world about us. Through this ceaseless chastening and challenging of his followers, our Lord saves the church from stagnation.

The life and health of the church as the body of Christ depends on the kind of prayer that produced Pentecost. "Prayer," says David Wesley Soper, "is the full commitment of human reason to learn, and of human strength to do, the will of God." When Christians pray in such depth, we are invariably shaken out of our complacency, our self-centeredness, our hypocrisy, our irrelevancies.

### *"They were all filled with the Holy Spirit"*

W. R. Maltbie has described many people in church as guests at a royal banquet, seated in their proper places at a table laden with food, but refraining from eating because they lack the appetite or they have been forbidden by their doctor. Who will argue that vast numbers of those who participate in our modern congregations fail to partake of that which is the very essence of the faith—the Spirit of the living God?

If Christianity is to be relevant—as our critics are rightfully demanding—it must first be real. This means an experience of the Holy Spirit. "God present with us for guidance, for comfort and for strength." Precisely at this point, faith becomes fact or fiction!

Fundamentally important is the realization that Christianity is far more than a system of ethics, a set of dogma, or an ecclesiastical structure. To be Christian is to be captivated by, committed to, and confident in Jesus Christ as known through the Holy Spirit. Accordingly, the church came into being not by way of new knowledge, new organization, new policy or personnel (though these did naturally develop) but through the discovery of a new power—spiritual power, will power, moral power.

In our belated and bewildering efforts to match the church with the momentous challenges of the 20th century, can it be that we are overlooking the most elemental of New Testament truths—that the church is the fellowship of the Spirit? There is a world of difference between the fellowship of the Spirit and simply the spirit of fellowship!

Only through the living, energizing, enlightening, redeeming Presence can there be among the people of God unity in diversity, creativity amidst change, and certainty despite confusion. Left to our own devices, we drift into divisiveness; we get on the defensive; we become discouraged.

Unwittingly, we begin to dodge the issue by asking plaintively, "What can we do?" That very question,

with the personal pronoun as subject, exposes our basic error. It was never intended to be a matter of what *we* do. The optimism and confidence of the apostolic church sprang from the assurance that God had filled committed Christians with a power against which nothing on earth could prevail. The conscious experience of this invincible power—indeed, this indestructible Presence—will enable the church to overcome the vast and vaunted forces of evil threatening us today.

### *"And spoke the word of God with boldness"*

The original church knew what it had to say, and said it forcefully. Our world has been aptly described as "a wilderness crying for a voice." Amid the babel of voices clamoring for the minds of men, individuals are listening, longing for an authentic voice, a voice that speaks realistically and responsibly to their actual human situation. Often the voice of the church is either drowned out, subdued, silent, or unrelated.

There is an encouraging concern among churchmen today that we rethink our message and reassess the world to which that proclamation must be made. Many are agreeing with Chesterton that we have asked enough questions; it is time we began seeking some answers. Fortrightly we must confront men with the claims of Christ while comforting them with his promises.

Two things the apostles realized about the Word of God. First, it was real, not rhetorical. The Father had spoken, not in language but in life. Thus they declared the Word as the authority, the action, the power of the Almighty. They preached events rather than ideas; what had happened, not hearsay.

This Word of God, because it is real and relevant, comes to man both as judgment and hope. Truth is always an indictment. But out of this discipline issues freedom and fulfillment.

We should not be surprised at the ambivalent response to such a message. Men are drawn to Christ, yet at the same time repelled by him. It remains for the church to lift up the cross wherein the justice of God is expressed through a merciful and forgiving love. Then, alas, a distraught and anxiety-ridden race may come to realize that in contrition and commitment is our true hope—in this world and the next.

The church does not elect evangelism. Nor do we engage in it. The church *is* evangel. Essentially we have no other purpose. The Word is given to the church for the sake of the world. Unless the church addresses itself directly and decisively to the acute needs of the human situation as we find them all about us, the church will lose its own life as well as the world.

Dr. James Stewart of Edinburgh has reminded us that Christ's promise of his perpetual presence is predicated on the condition of our missionary enterprise. It was after the great commission to "Go ye into all the world" that the Savior assured his disciples, "and lo, I am with you alway." To forsake the mission is to forfeit the promise. □

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Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz  
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# Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

*"I just read where all girls eventually end up resembling their mothers. So, before I ask you for a date, I was wondering if you happened to have a snapshot of your mother with you?"*

I have one more suggestion: you are at a stage that could be crucial in your religious life, too. It is all too easy to drop away from the church, especially if you go to college. Do not let that happen. Get related right away to one of the student Christian groups or local churches near the college of your choice.



*Should I go to summer school? I was in ninth grade last year. I am taking college-prep classes. I hope to become a college professor. That will require a Ph.D. degree, won't it? I have studied hard and would like a vacation. However, my counselor says I should go to summer school. Is he right?—C.S.* Probably he is right. You can attend summer session and still have a month's vacation before school starts in September. If you go to summer school each year you may be able to get through high school in three instead of four years. To be a professor you will need at least three years of graduate work, and a Ph.D. degree. You will be well into your 20s before you finish your studies. If you can save a year, so much the better. Good luck!



*I'm 15 and love a girl who will not neck or pet. She tells me her mother says she should not trust any boy very far. Her mother claims that boys have strong instincts and cannot control them once they get started petting. Do you agree with this? Why do we have instincts if we can't use them? I'm tired of my girl saying no.—S.M.* Eventually you will be glad she said

no. Her mother may be right. Most girls are better able to control their responses than boys. You have strong reproductive instincts. The instinct were essential during man's primitive prehistoric days. Life then was very precarious. A majority of the babies did not live through their first year. People paired off and had babies early. These instincts continue to the present time, essentially unchanged. You say you love a girl. Do you really respect her as a special person, or are you just interested in sex? If you behaved the way a 15-year-old caveman acted, you would be jailed immediately. I hope you will try to avoid situations in which your instincts are greatly aroused. The frustration of a boy's sexual instincts is one of the inevitable problems of the teen years. You need to learn more about the real meaning of love. Sex is an expression of love that ought to take place, society has learned, only in marriage.



*I am a girl, 18, trying to get over what my psychiatrist calls a "depression." When I was 13, I felt a little this way. We had moved, and I had lost all my friends. I was so blue I couldn't get out of bed for weeks then I began to get better. I started school. I made new friends and was happy. This time my trouble started when my steady boyfriend jilted me. I feel awful in the morning. I can't get out of bed. I just lie there and cry. By noontime I feel well enough to eat. During the afternoon, I still feel blue, but I don't cry so much. In the evening, I feel almost well. I am writing this letter in the evening. I wouldn't try it during the daytime. A few days ago I thought I was getting better. Then for some reason I*

ANOTHER school year is ending. It is time to think of the future. Will you attend college after high school? Or will you go to a trade school? Or enter some other kind of a training program? There are many possibilities. The important thing is to realize that you will create your own future. If you are wise you will plan for it carefully.

When your parents left high school, many of their classmates could get good jobs immediately. You cannot do that now. You must have special training. I suggest you talk with your school counselor. Ask him to help you take an inventory of your talents and interests. Then pick an appropriate field of work and prepare for it. Do not assume that you can stay in a specific occupation all your life. Jobs change fast. Inventions put many people out of work. You should figure on going back to school for retraining once or twice before you retire. The government already is making plans to help you do it.

Will you go to college? Then be sure that you are taking the right courses. Check the entrance requirements. Work hard and earn the best possible grades. College requirements go up each year.

If you do not go to school this summer, try to get a job. Learn to work hard and take orders. Practice self-discipline. Then, no matter what occupation you enter, you will have a head start.



took a bottleful of aspirin. At the hospital, the doctors pumped out my stomach, so I recovered. Even now, while writing this letter to you, I envy the people who are dead. They have no problems. I have so many. Will I ever feel happy again?—M.C.

I am sure that your psychiatrist has told you that you will feel happy again. I echo his statement. You suffered a severe emotional shock. You are more sensitive than most teenagers. But with the help of the psychiatrist you will conquer your problem. Your envy of the people who have died will diminish as you complete your recovery. Ask your doctor about your suicidal impulse. He will explain that such impulses sometimes come to depressed people. Be sure to stay with your psychiatrist until he tells you that you no longer need his help.

Qa

Why do people get so upset over a little stealing? I have a car. I needed new hubcaps. I had no money, so I lifted a set from a car in a theater parking lot. A cop saw what was happening and arrested me. I was taken off our school baseball team, even though I am captain. My trial comes up soon. The judge may send me away. It isn't serious to steal hubcaps, is it? Don't all the boys take them?—A.N.

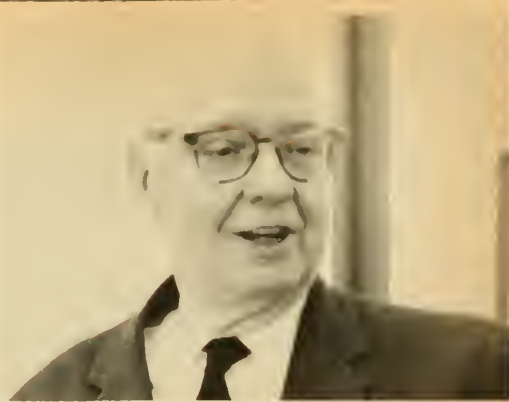
No, they do not. It is never right to steal. Men discovered this thousands of years ago, and they find out again in every generation that stealing is against the moral law of our world. Human society could not function if everyone stole. I have known clubs in which most of the members equipped their cars by stealing. But they got caught, just as you did. It is a good thing for you that the officer saw what was happening. The arrest should teach you a lesson. If this is the first offense, the judge probably will not send you away. Hereafter, do not take anything which does not belong to you. Not even hubcaps.

Qa

I am 15, going steady for the first time. During the spring vacation, my girl friend went on a trip. We wrote to each other every day. My mother opened her letters and read them before giving them to me. Do you think she should have done that? If I opened her mail, she'd have a fit!—L.T.

What your mother did is not unusual. Many parents believe it is right to read their teen-agers' letters. However, I disagree. I think respon-

## Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .



# Your Faith and Your Church

**W**hat is "religious tolerance"? Glad when people think us tolerant, most of us are mad when we are called "intolerant." This hints at our confusion.

If tolerance means that everyone has freedom to believe what he wishes in the area of religion, to go where he wishes to worship (or to stay home), to express his views without fear of being misrepresented, to pursue his business or profession without fear of interference because of his religion, then tolerance is thoroughly admirable.

If tolerance means that all religions are thought to be of equal value, essentially and equally true, then tolerance is intolerable for Christians. All religions are not equally good—even for those who have consistently and conscientiously held their inherited religious faith. There are high religions and low religions, good and better views of God.

**H**ow have Methodist marriage rituals changed in 50 years? Such phrases as "in the time of man's innocency" and "first miracle he wrought in Cana" have disappeared. Also, such negative approaches as this have been eliminated: "Such as are not coupled together as God's Word allows, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

Nevertheless, the emphasis on God's place in the service has been increased rather than diminished. "As you stand in the presenee of God," the minister begins his admonition. And the ring ceremony ends with the words, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

A prayer by the minister after the vows has been added, and the new prayer at the end of the service brings in the congregation.

**W**hy keep some Bible rules and violate others? The reference is clearly to differences between the authority of the rules of neighborliness, diet and ritual (Exodus 21:24-23:19), and that of the Ten Commandments. (The Protestant Episcopal *Record* of Michigan points out that the state has six volumes of compiled laws and a dozen books of public and local acts, all adding up to an unsuccessful effort to enforce the Ten Commandments.)

The Hebrew theocracy had many lesser laws dictated by the needs of the times. They are all worthy of prayerful study in our own times. Some of them, like those dealing with interest and usury (Exodus 22:25, for example) could hardly be applied without upsetting our economy.

Bishop T. Otto Nall has served The Methodist Church in many capacities since his ordination: pastor, teacher, journalist, editor, university trustee, author, and official of church and World Methodist Council organizations. Now episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area, he has conducted this column of questions and answers for TOGETHER readers since 1958.



# MATCHMAKER

## for College Candidates

AT THE START of his last semester in high school, Bill was sure he would be accepted by the state university. He was among the top 25 in a class of 183, and captain of the basketball team. "What more does a boy need to get into college?" Bill asked his adviser who finally persuaded him to write to several schools.

April was almost gone when three letters arrived. Confident, he opened the one from State U. He groaned in reading that he could not enter in September, but was on a waiting list. The news was no better in the second envelope. Fear displaced confidence as he opened the third letter. He halfheartedly glanced at it, then broke into a smile. "I'm in!" he said.

Linda had received less guidance than Bill when she applied for college admission. Though a promising student, she was graduated from a small high school with a limited number of courses and few social activities.

Could she make the jump to a big university? Could she stand the pressures of college life and accelerated study in a setting utterly different from her quiet hometown?

These were the questions in the mind of the director of admissions when he reviewed Linda's case.

Linda had talent, but her family was poor, and she would need a full scholarship. Reluctant to reject her application, the admissions director wrote to her adviser, and sent a copy of the letter to the non-profit College Admissions Center, 610 Church St., Evanston, Ill.:

"She's college material, but her needs are too many for us to be able to serve her well. After a successful period in a good liberal arts school, we'd like to hear from her again, perhaps as a junior transfer, or graduate student."

The College Admissions Center was established to help just such students as Linda and other young

persons who are bewildered in their efforts to enter college. Also Ed, an A-student who had trouble finding a college because he is a polio victim confined to a wheelchair; and Jim, a South Africa Bantu attending a high school in New England in hope of studying medicine.

The center helps students who were turned down by big-name schools. Joe Jefferson, the director of the College Admissions Center, says, "We believe the answer for many students is to help them make contact with small, regionally accredited liberal arts colleges."

In recent years the center has helped thousands of students match up with hundreds of colleges. Other centers exist to do a similar job in New York and Washington, and overseas in England and Taiwan. They all are trying to help able students search out additional educational opportunity.

"Many colleges want a diversified student body with representatives from varied religious backgrounds, economic levels, and career interests," Jefferson reported. "Drawing from our pool of registrants, we fill many of these gaps."

The center, established in 1958, was the first admissions clearing house. Besides helping high-school graduates find a college, it serves college transfer students, dropouts in the military service, and college dropouts. In 1962, it added a department for junior-college graduates who wish to gain admission into four-year colleges and universities.

The center guarantees no applicant college admission. However, only the lowest ranking registrants fail to receive correspondence from at least a few colleges.

"It is a myth that there are too few colleges," Jefferson says. "The problem lies in too many students applying to the same few institutions."—WILLARD M. MECKLENBURG

sible teen-agers should be trusted enough to carry on their own private correspondence.

QA

*My parents are mad at me. I'm a boy, 15. My hobby is stamp collecting. Somehow I got on the mailing list of a company which sells dirty books and pictures. Every week or two I get packets of awful advertisements. I would not dream of ordering the stuff. My mother and father think I asked for the advertisements. They are afraid I'm too concerned with evil things. What can I do about this?*

—J.O. I'm sorry you get the advertisements. Thousands of American boys are receiving enticingly worded ads for pornographic books, magazines, records, and pictures. Did you ever order stamps from a mail-order house? If so, that may be how you got on the mailing list. People who receive mail orders from teen-agers sometimes sell their customers' names and addresses to the characters who peddle pornography. Have your parents take the next packet you receive to your postmaster. The men in the postal service are trying to prevent the sale of pornography. If possible, they will prosecute the people who send the ads to you. The postmaster also can explain that you are an innocent victim. Your parents will believe him, I'm sure.

QA

*I am a boy of 14. My father is dead, so I have no man to turn to for advice. The boys at school have one subject of conversation—sex. To hear them you would think that all the girls were dirty and that the only reason for having a date is to be immoral. They tease me because I never talk about sex. I am shy. Does this mean I am queer?*

—S.D. No, you are not queer. You just are luckier than the others. Some boys of your age are monomaniacs on the subject of sex. Mostly what they say is just idle talk. Try not to worry about their conversations. Your friends will outgrow their obsession eventually.

*The world is a very confusing place, especially during the teen-age years.*



*Dr. Barbour will share your dilemma if you write to him through TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.*

—EDITORS





# Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

THERE ARE so many promotional gimmicks in our time that my first reaction to them is always one of suspicion and distrust. Sometimes I am wrong.

There came to my desk some time ago a book which, the publisher said on the back cover, was an event that happens only once in a very long time. I was suspicious right from the beginning. But now I confess that I have read the book and discovered that the publisher did not exaggerate very much.

I am talking about **HURRY SUN-DOWN** by K. B. Gilden (*Double-day*, \$7.95). It is a big book in size—over a thousand pages. It is also a big book in its theme for it deals with some of the main issues facing America and the world. Like all good novels, it takes a particular town and a particular people and, through a local situation, shows us all of life.

I am always impressed when an author reflects an understanding of so many different disciplines and people as this man does. The book is a major achievement and will furnish you several hours of enjoyment.

The setting is a small town in Georgia; the time is the close of the Second World War; the theme is racial relations. The story unfolds by way of different points of view of different people in different positions and classes.

Rad McDowell is a returned GI who is a cousin of Henry Warren, the husband of the daughter of the best family in the county. Rad and his family are fiercely independent, and they are going to hang onto their land which is sought by the great land company for which Henry Warren works. Rad's next door neighbor is another returned GI, Reeves Carter, a Negro. The two boys grew up together, and after some difficulty in straightening out their relations, they become friends again. It is Reeves and Rad against the Sunset Company, and out of this conflict grows a new relationship between Negroes and whites.

As the story progresses, one gains a

new insight into the Negro point of view and the Negro resentment. I do not think I have read anything which has shed more light on the integration struggle going on with such intensity and revolutionary power. There is no doctrinaire thesis being developed, but like a real artist, Gilden tells his story and the issues take shape and grow sharp.

There is the conflict between Henry Warren and his wife Julie. Their boy is either psychotic or mentally inadequate. In any case, he is a disturbed child, which embarrasses his father and complicates the relationship between husband and wife. A doctor in the town thinks that an operation can adjust the boy on a lower level to life. I do not want to tell you what happens, but this is one of the moving and dramatic themes of the novel. Our whole obsession with psychological answers to all the problems of behavior and personality presents some issues which are not usually apparent. The story reflects a sympathy for and an understanding of human situations, indicating a first-rate novelist.

Another main development involves the young Episcopalian minister in the town, Clem de Lavery. His father was a missionary bishop who died in a Japanese internment camp, and his mother has returned home to live with her son and his wife. Clem is a sincere, dedicated, idealistic young minister of Christ who sees his task as working with the people and healing the hatreds of the community. He has some good allies among his laymen, and he has the usual opposition from others. There is realism in this fellow, and I think this is one of the best pictures of a modern minister that I have seen.

Good and honest without being an otherworldly nitwit, Clem has his triumphs and a final disaster when the opposition manages to have him investigated and raises doubts concerning his patriotism. It is the old witch-hunt all over again, and this young man, who never wanted anything but to understand the issues and be a

Christian witness in every situation, is driven from his pulpit because somebody he once knew turned out to be a communist sympathizer. But he is the great man in the book, and it is good to see a minister who is neither a fool nor a hypocrite.

The whole international situation comes into the book through the head of the big land corporation who is building dams all over the world and has a great plan of international breadth. There is military intrigue and planning, and this man Elwell comes out of it as not so much a bad fellow, though not particularly likable, as a manipulator who wants to make sure that his plans succeed and he achieves what he wants.

This book may be one of the fictional interpretations of a generation. To a man who has never lived in the Deep South, it has the universal sweep which makes a different society as real and familiar as his own. Human nature is not different in different locations, and once we become aware of that we know the problems and the solutions are the same everywhere. This book succeeds in leaping over the walls of local customs and local issues.

It is on the whole a hopeful book. I do not mean that it has anything of the Pollyanna quality in it or that it is contrived to give us a happy ending. As a matter of fact, the ending is not very happy. But there is indication that progress is being made and that human decency is still a reality. The tragedy of Julie Warren is real enough, and the antics of the cheap politicians who put all their emphasis on segregation are most distressing. But still, there is a kind of groundswell of goodwill coming up out of the common folks which promises healing for our strife and hatred, though perhaps not very soon. Because of this, I would call it essentially a religious book, for it is a book of faith. Even the people who fail to achieve much character enlist our sympathy, for they are to some extent, at least, victims of the sin of others and their own sin.

One gets the feeling after reading



# WILL YOU HELP HER FIND LOVE?



May-Lin lives in this one-room shack in Hong Kong, sharing floor space with ten other refugees. She still cries when she thinks about her parents, who were killed crossing the border from Communist China.

Her future? Well, unless someone helps her, the loneliness you see in her eyes will harden to bitterness. She needs nourishing food, medical care, clothing, school books—in short, everything you would wish for her if she were your own child...

And little May-Lin is only one heart-breaking reason why Christian Children's Fund desperately needs to find sponsors who will help care for needy youngsters.

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I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please send me more information TG65

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*Hurry Sundown* that while it is not going to be easy, it is certainly not impossible to achieve a better life than we now know. The church portrayed is no flaming example of brotherhood and Christian love. But as long as the church can produce men like Clem de Lavery, we can believe that God can do something for our society.

I apologize to the people at Doubleday. I believe that if I had read this book in manuscript, I would have been as excited about it as they are. I recommend that you hurry up and read *Hurry Sundown*.

P.S. According to the *New York Times Book Review*, K. B. Gilden is a husband and wife writing team. This makes the book all the more remarkable, to say nothing of its testimony to an unusual marriage.

### THE INDIFFERENT CHILDREN

by Louis Auchincloss (*Princeton-Hall*, \$4.95) is the reissue of a first novel published in 1947. I do not know what the author thought about the digging up of the old book, but it must be something like a preacher being confronted by one of his early sermons. Such things are usually best forgotten. Anyway, it has been done, and I suppose I ought to say a word or two about it.

This is a portrait of a wellborn, sophisticated, and socially successful young man without much money. His name is Beverly Stregelinus which ought to hint at what to expect. He gets fired from his job with an art dealer and enlists in the navy after Pearl Harbor. As a lieutenant junior grade, he is assigned to the Panama Canal Zone. There in the tropics we see the usual military rivalry and jealousy, but Stregelinus survives very well because he is an old master at this kind of manipulation.

He gets involved with a girl in his department and another one from New York, whom he tries to make himself believe he should marry. All this seems rather vague and uncertain, but at last he decides that he doesn't want to marry.

Like the previous book I spoke of, the high point is a court-martial in which Stregelinus has to represent a man he doesn't like very well but who captures his sympathy. The conclusion has a certain dramatic nobility about it in the hero's death.

After one has read the later novels of Louis Auchincloss, this is pretty mediocre. My guess is that it would have been just as well to have forgotten it and let this fine novelist be remembered for the books which reflect the maturation of his outstanding talents. *The Rector of Justin* for instance! ☐



# Looks at NEW Books

IT COSTS \$14,000 to put two children through four years in an average-priced, publicly supported college or university—if they can get into one. In the more expensive schools, four years could cost \$15,000 to \$16,000 for one student.

This is far beyond the average family's ability to pay, yet college is becoming increasingly necessary in order to compete in the modern world.

Surprisingly, parents in low-income brackets are likely to make better preparations for the financial strain of their children's college years than families with five-figure incomes. I learned this in *How to Beat the High Cost of College* (Bernard Geis Associates, \$5.95), a practical, realistic book that surveys the whole field of financial aid for students.

Scholarships are not the answer, says author Claire Cox. These are scarce, and hard to obtain, and often so small as to be mere tokens. But there are other ways to get help or to help yourself. Educational loans can be obtained at low interest and on long-term repayment plans. (The Methodist Church, for instance, has been making loans to students for nearly 100 years.) More than three fourths of all college undergraduates now work, earning at least part of their way through school. And in addition to free junior colleges and low-cost state and municipal universities, night school, correspondence courses, study via television, on-the-job training programs, and service in the armed forces all offer a wide variety of educational opportunities.

While last-minute answers and compromises do not take the place of long-term savings or insurance plans established when the children were small, they do make it possible for young people to get an education if they really want it and are willing to sacrifice for it.

Next to packing up your whole family and moving to Finland for two years, you could not get a better view of that brave little Baltic country than David Bradley gives in *Lion Among Roses, A Memoir of Finland* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$5.95). In fact, you might live there for years and not have as good a view, for Bradley is a former newspaperman

with the good newsman's ability to observe and interpret. He had been in Finland in 1939, covering the Winter War with Russia, and he returned in 1960 to teach English literature.

The Bradleys and their five children lived the typical beehive life of the modern suburban Finnish family. They also made numerous sorties into the coastal islands and to the lakes and woods of Lapland to learn about the people and the past of a land every one of them learned to love. It was not love at first sight, though, for the Bradley youngsters, who both confounded and were confounded by the Finnish schools.

There is a rich vein of Finnish history in Bradley's book, and a heart-warming character portrait of a people whose simple honesty has gotten them into trouble but has also given them strength to keep going.

If you enjoyed Charles Merrill Smith's tongue-in-cheek article on *How to Succeed in the Pulpit*, in *TOGETHER's* May issue [page 24], you may want to read the book from which it came. It is *How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious* (Doubleday, \$3.50).

With mock expertise it takes up such things as how to develop the proper personality, how to select the correct wife, the ecclesiastical climber's wardrobe, how to make the congregation feel religious, how to live with the church school—in short, how to avoid problems, controversy, difficulties, and responsibilities while striving to reach the top of the ministerial ladder.

This satire reflecting the superficial and phony aspects of American church life is as much for the layman as for the minister, because it will start the discerning layman to asking himself what he really expects of his minister and whether it is relevant to the Christian faith or is merely a sterile stereotype.

Our aim should be to emulate the best in others while striving to compensate for shortcomings. The tragedy of General George S. Patton, Jr., revealed in *Patton: Ordeal and Triumph* (Ivan Obolensky, \$9.95), was that in moments that were crucial to him personally, he seldom could counter-



Would-be collegians face growing financial barriers, but these can be bypassed, says Claire Cox in *How to Beat the High Cost of College*.

balance his weaknesses. However, never once did he stumble in performance of military duty.

Why should church people read about a man who said himself that he gloried in war? For one thing, we need to know about all kinds of people and the varied facets of living. George S. Patton had virtues that are desirable in all resolute citizens, including Christians. It is true he was given to loud boasting, that his profanity was unrestrained, that he was a volatile swashbuckler, that he was unstable on occasion. These are undesirable qualities in anybody; and, sadly, they dimmed at times virtues everyone ought to develop: sincerity, frankness, dedication, self-discipline, self-respect,



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self-confidence, a high sense of duty, loyalty to comrades and superiors, inspired leadership, thoroughness, determination to toughen oneself to meet any test, yet tenderness at the core.

It is to be regretted that Ladislav Farago was not quite equal to pacing the 832 pages of the book as swiftly as the book jacket claims. Sometimes the Patton spirit shines through, but on many pages the record bogs down as the most brilliant general of World War II never was slowed. Yet Farago does bring out how Patton came to be what he was, and the account of his early life is fascinating.

Undoubtedly World War II in Europe could have been shortened about half a year if Patton had not often been checked, usually to pamper Britain's General Montgomery. Yet, lacking political and diplomatic sophistication, Patton was a failure as administrator in North Africa, Sicily, and Germany. He did, however, discern the Russian peril before almost anyone else; and had he been heeded instead of rebuffed, the Free World might have been spared the Cold War.

Patton gave his devotion and tremendous energy to the cause of war. How fortunate we would be if we had many Christians equally devoted to the cause of peace and religion.

It was in Mexico that Charlotte Painter learned that she was going to have a child. "Perhaps a woman ought to be living in another culture when she learns she will bring a child into her own, for a better view of the life she has to offer that child," she writes in *Who Made the Lamb* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95).

"Like most people abroad, we feel ourselves more American than ever. And here we are more reflective about the things at home that we deplore."

Mrs. Painter is more reflective than most people, and no doubt the fact that she came to motherhood rather later than most women also added perspective to this luminous book based on a journal she kept during her pregnancy. It is an eloquent expression.

Departing from the dictionary definition, Charles M. Schulz and Kenneth F. Hall have adopted the term *two-by-four* for a wise and humorous little book about children living in their second, third, and fourth years.

*Two-By-Fours* (Warner, \$1) is an open-ended attempt to help parents, grandparents, and other adults understand the small child, particularly as he relates to the church.

"Just think what it would be like if you were in the small child's shoes again," the authors remind you. "You wouldn't even know how to lace them. But you would soon have to learn,

since most important people know how."

Not unexpectedly, the text is liberally sprinkled with Schulz's inimitable cartoons about the inner thoughts of little people like the young man of four who observes: "The more mature I get, the more childish the rest of the world becomes!"

The jacket of *Nobody Said It's Easy* (Macmillan, \$4.95) asks: Can the years between 13 and 19 be the best years of your child's life? Actually, this is misleading, because Sally Liberman Smith's discussion of what makes teen-agers tick is directed to the teen-agers themselves.

She does a generally good job of examining adolescent problems, breaking down psychological, psychiatric, and sociological concepts into frank and readable explanations for the younger teen-ager. She does well with ethics but has less insight into the true nature of religion. Consequently, the question to parents on the jacket may be a good idea, after all, for books like this should be read by parents as well as their teen-agers and then they should discuss them together.

Newman Cryer's article on Dietrich Bonhoeffer in *TOGETHER's* April issue [page 27] reminded me that I wanted to read more by the young theologian who was a victim of Hitler. *Preface to Bonhoeffer* (Fortress Press, \$2) is no more than a taste, but it is a good start.

John D. Godsey, professor at Methodist-related Drew University, has selected two of Bonhoeffer's shorter writings and has introduced them with a brief biography. The introduction, though, gives us some very good reasons why Bonhoeffer is significant to Christians today. Says Godsey: he understood our world and the mood of our time; he discerned the universal meaning of Jesus Christ; he recalled the church to discipleship; and his life gave power to his words.

The two writings by Bonhoeffer are *Thy Kingdom Come*, a lecture he wrote when he was 26, and *The First Table of the Ten Commandments*, an essay on the first three commandments written while he was in prison awaiting execution.

Twice I have shared the silence of a meeting of the Society of Friends, and both times I have been profoundly impressed by the ability of these people, sometimes called Quakers, to find communion with God without ritual, sometimes without a spoken word.

*Conversations on the Edge of Eternity* (Morrow, \$3.50) is the record of a remarkable series of dis-



ussions on religion and daily life between Mary K. Blackmar, a Friend, and her son-in-law, Bruce Gould. Mrs. Blackmar was 90 when the conversations took place, but each year of this extraordinary woman's life has added its own richness.

She began studying the Bible and the works of the great religious writers when she was 14, and she never has stopped. When she was 55, and her children were grown, she got her master's degree from Columbia University. At 60 she became a member of the Friends, drawn to them by their lack of dogmatism, the latitude of individual interpretations they fostered, and their emphasis upon the search for "perfection" in daily, neighborly living rather than upon salvation by outside grace.

Mrs. Blackmar's discussion of Friends' beliefs, and her own, is challenging; and while many readers will not agree with her, all will be warmed by her serene, joyous faith and stimulated by her intrepid intelligence.

There may have been some changes in the worship services at your church this spring. If so, the reason is likely to be found in Methodism's new *Book of Worship* (Abingdon, \$2.25 or \$4.50 depending on binding), which was published Ash Wednesday.

The culmination of eight years work, and the first revision in 20 years, this book seeks to claim for the church and its people the total Methodist heritage in worship. One of the significant changes is provision for a larger use of Scripture.

The anthology of Scripture, prayers, and other liturgical material in Section II can be used for family and private devotions as well as for the ordering of special services.

Generally committees do not write very good books. An exception is *A Christian's Handbook on Communism* (John Knox Press, \$1), now in a revised and enlarged fourth edition.

This excellent paperback originally grew out of four months of intensive study by a group of Christian workers from many countries. The essence of their findings was put into form for publication by a group of Latin American workers, and the fourth edition is the result of revision and enlargement by a group of people appointed to the task by the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature of the National Council of Churches. It does not, however, have the official sanction of either the NCC's Division of World Missions or its General Board.

*A Christian's Handbook* is a lucid exploration of the appeal of communism and what Christians can do to counteract it. It describes communist



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theory and practice, communism's policy toward the church, and the main differences between communist and Christian philosophies.

Because communism offers a framework for man's understanding of himself, of the world, and of man's place in the world, it is basically a religion, the book reminds us. But in centering attention on man alone, rather than on man in relation to God, communism loses sight of the worth of the person as an individual and so is radically at odds with the Christian faith.

What can the Christian church do to combat communism? Three very important things, says *A Christian's Handbook*: The church holds up the ideal standard of Christ and the Christian conscience as the best measure of all social systems. The church educates its members on the problems and needs of society as seen from the vantage point of the Christian conscience, encouraging individual and group action by responsible Christian citizens along social, economic, and political lines. And the church provides a center of love and strength for its members as they seek to advance the cause of Christ in their own communities and other places.

If you have a philosophical turn of mind, you will be interested in *A Contemporary Christian Philosophy of Religion* (Regnery, \$5.95) by James A. Overholser.

For any civilization to endure, says Dr. Overholser, it must believe in something. This, apparently, is his motivation for a reinterpretation of Christian truth in our modern situation. But he goes still deeper than that, outlining a new philosophy of history with the key Judeo-Christian events as its core. He comes to terms with naturalism, which is the basis of so much philosophical thought these days, and offers a rational and logical interpretation of history with the Person of Christ at its center.

Wallace E. Fisher gives us a highly readable case study of an old church that discovered the secret of new life in *From Tradition to Mission* (Abingdon, \$3.50). The church is the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, Lancaster, Pa. Dr. Fisher is its senior minister.

Two hundred years of history lie behind this downtown church, the oldest church in the oldest inland city in the United States. But stately, impressive, able to inspire nostalgia, Trinity Church was indisposed to involvement with rapidly expanding metropolitan Lancaster. It had become a parish without a sense of mission.

How Trinity faced the facts of change around it and how it changed itself is an absorbing story. Says Dr.

Fisher: "To see how God uses one church to save some people from self-destruction is to see how he can use his church to save the world from annihilation. Salvation is not only eschatological; it is mundane."

New York City's traffic commissioner, Henry A. Barnes, has one recurring nightmare: It is a warm Sunday afternoon. Half a million people are at the World's Fair, the Mets are playing a doubleheader against the Giants at Shea Stadium, Aqueduct Race Track is packed to the rafters, and the rest of the population is heading out to Jones Beach on the Long Island Expressway.

Asked what he would do if it ever became a reality, he has said curtly: "Leave town Friday."

The peppery New York commissioner describes his job as transforming "disorganized confusion" into "orderly chaos." He says it would not be so hard if he had only vehicles to handle; it is the people who make the trouble.

He is never, however, without an answer to any problem, and that is why his career, which started fairly peacefully in Flint, Mich., has taken him to Denver, Colo., where he did battle with frustrated first-citizens and initiated the light for pedestrians only, now known as the Barnes Dance, and to Baltimore, Md., where traffic had always run a poor second to tradition, before bringing him to Manhattan.

He tells his story in *The Man With the Red and Green Eyes* (Dutton, \$4.95), and it is packed with as much salty humor and uncommon common sense as are ever likely to be found between the covers of a book.

A hope for a monopoly on the sassafras trade may have been why a third English colony was attempted in Virginia, suggests Virginia S. Eifert in *Tall Trees and Far Horizons* (Dodd, Mead, \$5). Although the Indians knew sassafras chiefly as a blood purifier and tonic, Europeans found a great many real or fancied uses for it: it was used to prevent bedbugs and moths, to flavor soaps and beer, to treat fevers, broken bones, falling hair, and venereal disease, and to increase vigor and improve the general health. It had, in fact, much the same exciting impact on 16th and 17th-century Europe as penicillin, the sulfa drugs, and the Salk vaccine have had on the 20th century.

*Tall Trees and Far Horizons* traces the adventures and discoveries of early botanists in America. It is well paced, and tucks a lot of history, folklore, geography, and botanical science into the stories of the men and women who discovered and named tens of thousands of plants.

—BARNABAS



*American engineering know-how changes  
a quaint town square into a source of fresh water.*

# SYMI'S FRESH-WATER BONANZA

*By C. EDMUND FISHER*



IN ONE OF nature's cruel paradoxes, the little Greek island of Symi, surrounded by the sparkling Mediterranean, was parched and powder dry. It had no fresh-water source, and each year when the supply of stored rainwater was exhausted, islanders had to skimp by on the meager amount that was brought by boat from mainland Greece.

But at last the salt water—until now frustratingly abundant but unusable—is being harnessed, thanks to an unusual and economical seawater conversion still built by Church World Service, relief agency of the National Council of Churches. The water supply, which already has been tripled, may increase still more as the system is perfected.

And the success of the low-cost system has been so gratifying that the Greek government and an

American donor are providing money for similar stills to be built on five more Greek islands that desperately need fresh water.

To the American city dweller who uses as much as 150 gallons of water a day (an average of 10 gallons every time he takes a shower), Symi's present supply of three gallons per person seems pitifully small. But to the 3,000 islanders it is the first step in rebuilding a rock-bottom economy.

More than 30,000 people worked and lived on the 8 by 10 mile island before World War II. Many of the men manned boats which constituted one of the world's largest sponge-fishing fleets, while others made livings as merchant seamen or boat builders.

Then modern technology dealt the sponge-fishing industry a mortal blow. Synthetic sponges, rapidly and inexpensively manufactured,

replaced natural sponges in households around the world. Symi's chief industry collapsed, and the Greek merchant fleet declined in importance.

Unemployment became a chronic problem, and the boats, which had returned with cargoes of water after selling their sponges on the mainland, no longer sailed. During World War II, the Germans bombed Symi's harbors, which lie about five miles from the Turkish coast, and destroyed two thirds of its houses.

Lack of water prevented farming or industrial development. Gradually, most of the islanders, particularly the young people, moved away. Those who remained were poverty-stricken and demoralized.

Now the coming of more water has changed the picture dramatically. "I cannot overstate the marvelous psychological boost this has given to all of us," says Dr. George W. Nikitiadis, the mayor. "We can make plans for a bright tomorrow." The delighted islanders provided the land for the conversion plant and donated one day's labor out of every five. The other four days they were paid by the project.

With a larger and dependable supply of water, the island's great potential for tourism can be developed, and there are sound possibilities for raising poultry and a high-priced table crop such as strawberries. A small hotel is being built as a first step toward attract-

*The plant, resembling a giant air mattress, operates like a teakettle.*





# getting along Together

Recently my children found out that two of the neighbors' four children were adopted, and, as children will, they brought the matter up one day when they were all playing together. I knew that everything was all right when one of the children casually said:

"Yeah, two of us are adopted, but I forget which of us it is."

—MRS. REX CAMPBELL, *Cainsville, Mo.*

Dr. Harry Denman, recent head of Methodism's Board of Evangelism, makes a strong impression on those he meets. His first words to me were, "Where do you preach, friend?" When I mumbled something about being "just a layman" he used just six words to deliver the greatest lay sermon I've ever heard: "Then you preach every day, brother!"

—C. W. MARTIN, *Muskegon, Mich.*

One afternoon I stopped to see a widow who had been ill for several months. Knowing she lived alone, I walked in without knocking. When I saw her on the sofa in the living room, I smiled and said in jest, "Fuller Brush man! How are you?"

Just as she replied, "Fine, thanks!" a strange man rushed in from the kitchen, clasped my arm tightly, and ushered me unceremoniously out the front door, slamming it in my face.

It's hard to tell who was most embarrassed—I, who could not have known the situation; the widow, who couldn't help the situation, or her visiting son—when I cautiously stuck my head back in and objected, "But I'm the Methodist minister!"

—REV. C. M. OSBORNE, *Sandy Lake, Pa.*

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ing visitors from other countries.

"Symi is truly a beautiful gem sitting in an expanse of blue ocean," says Wilson O. Radway, associate director of material resources and services for Church World Service. "Its great beauty, its quaintness, its unspoiled typical Greek island life, and its many fine beaches will prove a lure for travelers, especially since Rhodes, 25 miles away, is becoming overrun with tourists."

"Symi's waters are clean—interesting enough for diving and calm enough for water-skiing. There are beautiful mountains to climb, fantastic views for photographers and painters. In short, there is just everything that tourists with widely divergent interests would want, plus the fact that the islanders are a charming people."

"It is a fine place for CWS to help the people help themselves—one of our basic aims wherever we work around the world."

The \$35,000 that bought and paid for the installation of the sea-water conversion plant was donated through CWS by the Wyemss Foundation of Wilmington, Del. Church World Service—which millions of American churchgoers help support—pays the maintenance and operating costs. CWS also is supporting an agricultural expert and a community development director, who are helping the people plan for the future.

Church World Service moved into Symi several years ago with clothing, food, and tools to help the islanders rebuild their homes and their hopes. Still, lack of water continued as the biggest problem; the only water sources were rainfall in the wet season and the arrival of water-carrying ships in the June-November dry months.

CWS has been interested in sea-water conversion plants for some time, and Symi was chosen as the ideal place to test the first non-experimental model.

"As part of our long-range projects' planning," Mr. Radway explains, "we began giving solar saline conversion serious consideration a few years ago, especially in light of the inability of thousands of communities around the world to afford the million-dollar-plus flash heat and atomic saline plants."

First a CWS pilot plant, also underwritten by the Wyemss Foundation, was built at Daytona Beach, Fla. It uses the sun's rays, beating on a specially prepared plastic, to heat sea water in shallow troughs underneath almost to the boiling point. The installation looks like a giant air mattress.

"The conversion plant operates on the principle of a teakettle," Mr. Radway points out. "The water vapor rises to the plastic covering where it is condensed as potable water and runs off into troughs which convey it to an underground storage tank."

At the Symi plant, which was dedicated last October, a refinement was added. Waste heat from the island's diesel power generator is used to preheat the sea water before running it through the tanks. The improvement increased production 100 percent over the Daytona Beach plant, and 50 percent over other sun-ray systems, CWS officials say.

The little Symi plant, restricted in size because of the scant flat space available on the mountainous island, produces 6,000 gallons daily, and it may eventually improve to 8,000.

Symi reaped the benefits of this pioneering effort for several reasons. First, it is within easy access of commercial shipping lanes, and costs of transporting construction materials could be kept low. Next, the island offered an opportunity to determine if untrained personnel could be taught to operate the still. They could; in fact, the system is so simple that it could be run by hand.

Not the least of the determining factors was Dr. Anthony Dellyannis, professor of chemistry at the University of Athens, who has a keen interest in the solar condensation field. He now envisions plants in many other arid areas.

This particular type of system would be useful, Mr. Radway points out, where there is no power—especially in such places as Okinawa and other Pacific islands that suffer from severe water shortages.

Symi, through this low-cost harnessing of the sea, has become a symbol of hope for people of impoverished and parched lands. □





MY little boy  
 (Who is four and three, or three and four, or maybe  
 six and one)  
 Built him a boat,  
 And he was sure it would never float.  
 With a saw and wood  
 And a hammer and nails,  
 With a "busted" thumb, and infinite pain,  
 He built his boat in a day or so.  
 (What's a "busted" thumb or two, and infinite pain,  
 when you're building a boat,  
 Even though you *know* it will never float?)  
 And a wondrous sight it was!  
 Many boards sawed zigzag fashion,  
 And nail upon nail upon nail,  
 Like hunchbacked men in the strangest pattern;  
 Almost more nails than boards!  
 And completing the job was a ragged sail,  
 A piece of canvas from an old campstool.  
 (And think of the boy who builds a boat, the boy  
 who soon comes man! And think of the pain,  
 the infinite pain, when man is God and God  
 is man, and God and man are one, in the quick,  
 deep, slow fire of creative power; the splendidly  
 miserable builder of boats. And who can tell?  
 Perhaps they may float!)  
 "I'll name it *Seabird*," he said, in his man-child's  
 voice,  
 Rolling like bells on a sandy shore.



"And it's not a 'she,' it's a 'he'!"  
 And then, of a sudden, it was afloat!  
 Afloat in the shining river,  
 In the goldenly glowing river,  
 Afloat in the liquid river!  
 And the waves washed over the little boat,  
 Over and over the little boat,  
 And it stayed afloat,  
 Afloat in the rapid river.  
 And I looked in the face of my little boy,  
 The radiant face of my son,  
 As *Seabird* floated on river and lake,  
 He floated on ocean and sea;  
 He floated and sailed majestically  
 In glowing space, and among the stars,  
 And on purple waters  
 On Jupiter and Saturn,  
 And on Venus and Mars!

—H. HOWARD MILLER

# The Creator





# Letters

## Should Be Required Reading

WILLIAM S. REED  
Webster Groves, Mo.

Masterful! That is the only word suitable for Dean M. Kelley's article *Right Reasons for Opposing Public Funds for Parochial Schools* [April, page 14]. This article should be required reading for all Protestants, Catholics—in short, all Americans.

Public education has been the very backbone, the "grass roots" of America's greatness. To see the breakdown of our democracy's finest achievement—public education—would be to witness the breakdown of our nation.

## Needs No Longer Met

J. P. STAFFORD  
Cary, Miss.

Newman Cryer's article *What We Can Learn From Europe's Lay Movements* [March, page 43] is clear and incisive. The paragraphs on "Requisites to Renewal" on page 45 are especially good, but he did not go quite far enough in putting a finger on basic problems—although he came close when quoting Ralph Young: "Every church should be a lay-training center and every pastor a lay-training director."

To be brutally frank, we need to turn our preachers into democratic teachers and get away from the concept that their principal business is to preach antiquated sermons on Sunday morning. This pleasant exercise has ceased to meet, even in an elementary way, our needs and conditions. It will maintain an institution but destroy the church as it should be.

## Commandment Expanded

MRS. VERA LaMOTHE  
West Allis, Wis.

I particularly enjoyed *Ten Commandments of Worship* on page 49 of your April issue. Suitably enlarged and framed as a plaque, it would make an appropriate adornment for some wall in the church, preferably in the narthex.

I do think Commandment No. 4 could be enlarged upon: "And when the anthem thou shalt hear,/Thy sticky voice thou shalt not clear."

I am referring, of course, to unnecessary coughing and clearing of throats during the sermon. Wouldn't we be

surprised some Sunday morning if the minister stopped in the middle of a sentence and deliberately waited for the congregation to quiet down before saying another word?

## Issues Clearly Set Forth

JOHN C. LAZENBY  
Brookfield, Wis.

Robert L. Gildea's article *Church and State* [March, page 50] is one of the most forthright and concisely clear statements of the issues involved which I have seen in any magazine. The three major issues are set forth in brief and easily comprehended terms.

The Methodist Church must face the issue of whether it can exercise its prophetic function by proclaiming the Gospel in its own right or whether it will adjust to secular forces which pay it well in economic returns for so doing.

## Their Influence Continues

MR. and MRS. ROBERT GREGG  
Portland, Oreg.

The article 'Father Wilbur,' *Indian Agent* [February, page 30] means a great deal to us because our church, Centenary-Wilbur Methodist, here in Portland, proudly bears his name. And the account of *Timber's Tithing Tycoon* in the January issue also was of vital

interest, for Truman Collins was a well-known, regular attendant at Centenary-Wilbur.

These two men are fine examples of spiritual power in the Northwest. Their influence continues to be felt down through the years.

## The Church's Role: Servant

ALAN J. DAVIS, Pastor  
Aldersgate Methodist Church  
Cleveland, Ohio

The problem posed by Walter W. Benjamin in *Who Will Fill Our Empty Pulpits?* [February, page 13] was especially good. The way he answered the question was one of the finest statements I have seen.

The call for a prophetic ministry, the need for pastors who put first things first and avoid trivia, the upgrading of confirmation classes, and the interest in important writings all point in the right direction.

We will not attract good candidates to the ministry till they are convinced the church is not dead. When they see it more concerned with its own internal organization than with its exciting mission to the world, it's no wonder we lose good material. The best strategy for ministerial recruitment as well as for personal evangelism is that of a church which confesses its own urgent need for renewal and accepts its role as servant to the world.

## Campus Minister Agrees

H. MYRON TALCOTT, Campus Min.  
Wesley Foundation, Drake University  
Des Moines, Iowa

Thank you for *Who Will Fill Our Empty Pulpits?* Especially pertinent is Dr. Benjamin's statement, "College experience does not alienate the student from the church; it only makes visible an existing estrangement at a time when a student is desperately trying to find himself." My experience on the campus confirms this.

I do regret the omission of motive from Dr. Benjamin's list of "outstanding journals." It is one of Methodism's outstanding contributions to intelligent and sensitive students, and indeed to the entire college and university community.

## Evils Still With Us

JULIAN REA  
Orlando, Fla.

Had it appeared in *Christian Century* or any pastors journal, I would not have liked it, but I would not have bothered to protest. But we pride ourselves that *TOGETHER* is a family church paper.

I refer to Walter W. Benjamin's second point in *Who Will Fill Our Empty Pulpits?* How long since we Methodists criticized our preachers for speaking



"Oh boy, Mr. Steele, let's go camping again next weekend!"



"against smoking, drinking, and swearing?"

Of course Prof. Benjamin did say "incessant carping"—but when was there a generation that had these and other evils pounded into their ears, spread before their eyes, and forced upon them constantly as our young people today?

I wonder where the author has gone to church to be offended by "long-faced and sterile Puritan moralism." God forgive us when we make "Puritanical" a bad word. We seem too willing to surrender that to communism, along with our old fire, zeal, and certainty.

The churches that still have an almost Puritanical moral code, sacrificial demands financially, and complete faith with unswerving devotion do not lack candidates for life service and are the highest givers and best Christian stewards of all of life.

**Something Basic Missing**

EDWARD H. JONES, *Pastor*  
*Pandora Methodist Charge*  
*Pandora, Ohio*

I am glad to see that TOGETHER is not afraid to discuss the matter of drinking on Methodist college campuses. [See *How Can Methodist Colleges Control Drinking on the Campus*, March, page 24.] But there is something basic lacking in each of the three presentations.

Of course abstinence is an impossible goal. But our Christ did not call us to do the possible thing. He called us to follow him and do impossible things!

To me, this includes living by ideals that would be impossible for others. And it includes expecting abstinence from our youth in Methodist colleges.

As I read the three TOGETHER presentations, I fail to find the word conversion. The matter resolves itself to one question: Are we sinners saved by grace, or just sinners?

**Restrictions Are Needed**

MRS. RENA D. FLETCHER  
*Idaho Springs, Colo.*

I agree with Charles H. Lippy, student at Dickinson College, that the college student should have freedom of thought and widen his horizons, but I cannot agree that "nothing should be withheld from students." As a parent, I would like to feel that my children, leaving home and parental control for the first time, will be in an atmosphere where definite restrictions concerning alcohol and other social activity are enforced.

**Simple Solution Offered**

MRS. DONALD SMITH  
*Sherman, S.Dak.*

We are constantly hearing and reading that colleges everywhere are over-

crowded and that there will not be enough places to educate all those who wish to attend. It would be simple to eliminate that problem by kicking out those who won't abide by the rules.

My first thought at reading this article was that I did not like TOGETHER for publishing such a thing. On second thought, I think it was a good thing to present the facts. It helped us to make up our minds that we never will send our children to a Methodist college.

**Should Laws Be Repealed?**

J. LEWIS SCHANBACHER  
*Kokomo, Ind.*

Probably the ban against alcoholic beverages in Methodist-related colleges can never be completely enforced. Neither can the laws against assault, larceny, reckless driving, rape, and other offenses. But who would advocate that these laws be repealed because the crimes continue to occur?

**No Reason for Article**

L. C. SIMPSON  
*Independence, Kans.*

I can see no reason for publishing such articles as the one on collegiate drinking where the alcohol-supported public news media are certain to pounce on such thinking and publish it far and wide.

**Realistic Attitude Encouraging**

ROBERT K. BUCKWALTER, *Pastor*  
*First Methodist Church*  
*Williamstown, Mass.*

The March *Powwow* shows a more realistic attitude toward the problem of campus drinking than previously has been reflected in Methodist thinking. How encouraging!

In 1963 when the Philadelphia Conference withdrew its financial support of Dickinson College because of Dickinson's responsible attempt to deal with this problem, the conference sessions were held in a building where alcoholic beverages flow freely on other occasions. Our strict moralism was lifted in the name of expediency. How absurd and inconsistent! I welcome the redemptive approach suggested by your article.

**'Pertinent and Compassionate'**

WESLEY SHEFFIELD, *President*  
*Wesley College*  
*Grand Forks, N.Dak.*

It is heartening to find a pertinent and compassionate article on campus drinking in TOGETHER. I applaud the courage and Christian common sense of Dr. Ralph W. Decker and Dean Lawrence Riggs in discussing this matter.

Student Charles H. Lippy offers a tremendous summation of the Christian

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ethic when he reminds us, "Love becomes a guide which chooses from several alternatives that one which is consistent with the individual's relationship with God. For some, this selection may mean abstinence; for others, moderation."

Certainly all of us who are faced with the problem of alcohol control on the campus agree with Mr. Lippy that "loose and reckless behavior because of excessive drinking cannot be accepted by any institution." This moderate, disciplined approach, based on the love ethic, is properly applied to the conduct of maturing Christians.

## 16 Persons, 17 Citations

MRS. C. J. LAYMAN  
Batavia, Iowa

Your April article *Dr. Denman to Receive 1965 Upper Room Citation* [page 12] states that Dr. Denman would become the 17th person to receive this award. Is it not the 16th person and the 17th citation? John R. Mott received two citations, in 1949 and 1950.

Mrs. Layman, a careful reader indeed, is absolutely correct.—EDITORS

## He Gets 'Blunt' Treatment

CLARENCE L. ANDREWS  
Denver, Colo.

I have just read *The 'Blunt Instrument' People* [April, page 13]. Like you, I get my share of "blunt" treatment, for I teach a church-school class. Some say I'm all wrong. However, I say to them, nicely, I hope, that I respect their convictions and hope they will respect mine. So, you see, you were a great encouragement to me.

## 'Hard Not to Frown'

WILLIAM J. HOSKING  
Springfield, Ill.

Your Viewpoint *The 'Blunt Instrument' People* was timely and the message very clear. With the world situation the way it is today, it is somewhat hard at times not to frown. Despite this, I agree that for Christians there "shouldn't be grimness but joyfulness."

You stated that the channels of communication must be kept open. How about a future edition of *TOGETHER* carrying an article on dialogue? Many people do not know how to communicate, either through fear or ignorance of the proper mechanics.

## She Dares to Yaw

MRS. ALTA SARGENT  
Syracuse, N.Y.

I bet you put that "blunt instrument" article in the April issue so we wouldn't dare yaw at you about its cover.

Read the stories of Christ in the New Testament. He was vigorous! Over and over the multitude followed

him. Can you imagine the crowd following the Christ pictured on your April cover and on the two following pages? I wouldn't accept these pictures as a gift.

## Afraid to Open the Cover

MRS. C. R. FRANKLIN  
Portland, Oreg.

Your Frankenstein art frightens me! I am too "chicken" to watch TV horror movies and now, after seeing *The Last Supper* [April, page 1], I'm afraid to open your magazine.

I used to save the many beautiful pictures in *TOGETHER*, but for some time now I have been destroying your modern "art" lest somebody catch me with such grotesque distortions of my Christian faith.

## Wasted Space, Time, Money

MRS. EDA BOHLEN  
Moweaqua, Ill.

I enjoy reading your magazine, but the *Old Testament Men of God* color pictures in the February issue [pages 35-42] are frightful. Why waste space, time, and money on such?

## Adults Afraid of Challenge

MRS. R. J. LOCKLEAR  
Hopkinsville, Ky.

I have read the criticisms of Robert Hodgell's art in your April issue [see *Letters*, page 68]. As a church-school teacher who is trying desperately to challenge our 10 and 11-year-olds, I find it discouraging yet amusing to read letters from adults who are afraid to challenge their own religious ideas.

Mr. Hodgell's pictures may not inspire many adults, but can these people speak the language of today's youth? No! And the language of religion that they learned 20 or 30 years ago will not reach our young people today. We must look through the eyes of the young.

## Real Meaning Conveyed

JEAN MARSDEN, Age 15  
Eldora, Iowa

Robert Hodgell's paintings do convey real meaning to "your young people." They show much more of life in Old Testament times than a picture of a couple of men standing in a garden surrounded by lilies and lilacs.

## Let Us Have More

MRS. E. D. SWISHER, Age 82  
Bozeman, Mont.

I congratulate you on your selection of *Old Testament Men of God*. Words are powerless compared with these pictures to portray what God is like. I am glad to know they have been used in the new church-school lessons. May we have more of Mr. Hodgell's work.

## Children Get the Message

MRS. HERBERT SALSBURY  
Napoleon, Ohio

I must admit that I, too, felt a little uneasy when I first viewed *What Is God Like?*—the filmstrip from which *TOGETHER's Old Testament Men of God* pictorial was derived.

But the response of the children rewards my faith in this new material. They seem to know that this is not an ordinary message. They listen to what is being said about the pictures and, more important, they remember the lesson the filmstrip brings.

It seems our adult eyes have grown accustomed to old ideas of what an illustration about Bible persons ought to look like.

## Repugnant Glory Revealed

JOHN KRUSE, Director  
Wesley Foundation  
Wisconsin State University  
Eau Claire, Wis.

From the letters responding to Robert Hodgell's paintings, it would seem that he has succeeded in communicating an important aspect about the prophets. They were "reviled and persecuted." In this sense, they share what one reader demanded—"some of the attributes of God's son, Jesus the Christ."

Those who respond to Hodgell's interpretations by calling them "atrocities," "hideous," and "Communist inspired" are responding as did men of old to the prophets themselves. Too often, our artistic depiction of them, and of Jesus, as being "lovely" has hidden anything worth persecuting. Thanks to Bob Hodgell for bringing the prophets to life in all their repugnant glory.

## Moses: Probably 'Wild-Eyed'

MRS. HARRIET MIDDLESWART  
Supt., Children's Division  
Methodist Chapel of the Valley  
El Cajon, Calif.

Life in Bible times was not, probably, very pretty. As I recall, Moses at times was so enraged at the children of Israel that he probably was "wild-eyed" and probably did wave "like a maniac," as one of your readers charged.

We are selling children a bill of goods if we try to present the Christian way of life as something easy, always pleasant, neat, and pretty. Sometimes it is hard, and I don't think anyone has the right to try to show it any other way.

## Deeper Attitude Indicated?

MRS. RICHARD FISHER  
Parker, S.Dak.

*TOGETHER* should be praised for bringing the work of Bob Hodgell and Tadao Tanaka to the attention of Meth-



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## Tell it to TOGETHER..

Are you one out of five Americans that will be moving this year? Then you'll want to make sure you won't miss a single copy of **TOGETHER**! Send your address change 5 weeks in advance... including your current address label.

odists. Perhaps the bitter accusation that their work is not "pretty" indicates a deeper attitude toward many things about the Christian life that are not peaceful or pretty.

Sit-ins, settlement houses, and mental hospitals are not pretty. Nor was the Crucifixion. Sometimes we forget that real beauty lies in the redemptive message, told in the purposeful crudeness of art or in the suffering actions and daily lives of those we love. Keep us thinking!

### Pacifism's Case—Impossible

MRS. WAYNE DELL

Carl Junction, Mo.

In *Is Christian Pacifism Out-of-Date?*

[April, page 20], the Rev. Robert W. Moon pleads an impossible case. There are evil forces loose in the world which pacifism, in whatever form, cannot deter. I'm afraid total disarmament is not the answer either, unless men of their own volition decide to live in peace with their neighbors. There must be some force available lest international aggressors be tempted to extend their tyrannies.

When love, reason, and persuasion fail, what then? Shall we stand meekly by while those without conscience or moral restraint trample the innocent and defenseless? Sometimes love for our enemies demands that we restrain them from committing even larger crimes, not only against others but against themselves.

### Needed: Another Way

M. EVERETT DORR, Pastor

Vale Methodist Church

Fairfax, Va.

Thank you for the fine statement by Robert W. Moon in the April *Powwow* in which he sums up that "we are at that point in history where we may be able to discard war as a tool." I concur.

Secretary-General U Thant of the United Nations has said, "The fact is that, though our desire for peace is undeniable, our approach to peace is often old-fashioned and more attuned to former times than to our present state."

I could not agree more. I believe that government should supplant anarchy in the international community. This is International Co-operation Year. Let's work for the good of all mankind.

### 'Factual, Objective'

RAYFORD WOODRICK, Pastor

Trinity Methodist Church

Forest, Miss.

Congratulations on your April report, *Mississippi Methodism Turns a Corner* [page 3]. I consider it factual and objective.

I do feel there should have been some

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mention of the *Mississippi Methodist Advocate*, official publication of the two Southeastern Jurisdiction conferences in Mississippi. The *Advocate* in recent years has been a consistent, and sometimes lonely, voice in support of Methodism on local and churchwide levels.

Another oversight is failure to mention the existence of an unofficial association of Methodist lay persons and clergy within the Mississippi Conference (Se. J.) known as the Fellowship of Loyal Churchmen. The FLC, though comprised of persons with varying opinions on church concerns, has declared publicly its purpose "to renew the sacred vow once faithfully made: 'To be loyal to The Methodist Church.'" Its declaration of purpose affirmed belief in freedom of expression, called on the ministerial leadership of the conference to help establish "a context of freedom from threat or political hindrance," and pledged its support to ministers who "may be forced out of their churches when they are taking positions consistent with the declared position of The Methodist Church."

Other statements released over signatures of the FLC steering committee have expressed continued support of institutions, programs, and official agencies of The Methodist Church, both on annual conference and general church levels.

### On Grappling With Issues

ROBERT V. LAIDIG, *Pastor  
Excelsior Methodist Church  
Excelsior, Minn.*

I want to commend you on the fine article on the civil rights situation in Mississippi and how The Methodist Church is facing this problem.

TOGETHER is a fine magazine, but I feel we have had an abundance of "sweetness and light" and a scarcity of the "sweat, blood, and tears" of the real problems of our time. I am glad that you have begun to grapple with these things.

### Who Recruited Workers?

MRS. WILLIAM G. TUEL  
*Tonawanda, N.Y.*

In *Mississippi Methodism Turns a Corner* you state, "The National Council of Churches . . . has been a focus of resentment because of its involvement in training last summer's volunteer civil rights workers—after it became clear that otherwise they would have no training."

This raises a question: Who enlisted these workers and would have sent them into Mississippi without training?

The summer project was planned by the Council of Federated Organizations, a federation of civil rights groups including the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the

Council on Racial Equality, and the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Council, which did much of the recruiting on college campuses. COFO had expected to provide some training of the workers after they had arrived in Mississippi, but the loose nature of the organization and its lack of sufficient finances led the NCC to undertake the training program.—Ebs.

### Valid Witness Recognized

ELEANOR R. LEWIS, B.D.  
*Schenectady, N.Y.*

I was interested to read in your March issue the articles on *The Brothers of Taizé*, *The Sisters of Darmstadt*, and other lay movements in Europe [see pages 34-45].

Although I am too strongly Presbyterian ever to believe in monasticism as a valid way of life for Christians, I met Frère Max Thurian at a faith and order meeting some years ago in Scotland, and he made some of us recognize that there are Christians who see monasticism as a valid witness for Christ—for themselves at any rate. When safeguarded against otherworldliness and irrelevance, it may have its place as one of the manifold ways of service of the kingdom of God.

### Anglican Orders Ignored

RENÉ BOZARTH, *Father Rector  
The Society of St. Paul  
Gresham, Oreg.*

It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you how impressed we are with your magazine in general and to comment on articles in the March issue having to do with religious orders outside the Catholic (Roman and Orthodox) bodies.

The exquisite photography and wonderful reproduction thereof are a joy and a spiritual blessing. But the content of the articles amazes me by ignoring the Anglican orders. I am at a loss to know whether you are graciously including the Anglican orders within the Catholic fold (where we belong, no doubt, although we yearn to be also Protestant in a kind of falsely appearing schizoid dream of one foot in each camp). Or did you simply ignore us?

You must know that some of our congregations are bigger, older, and do more varied and exciting works even than Taizé. The membership of Anglican religious orders around the world is in excess of 3,000—surely too many to ignore.

### Another Garden for Tour

MRS. MILTON H. ANDERSON  
*Nutley, N.J.*

May I call your attention to another garden which could have been included in *A World Garden Tour* of TOGETHER's April issue [page 45]? It is the United





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comes  
...ready  
or not!

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Nations Garden, a project of the Home Garden Club here in Nutley. The first tree, a metasequoia, was planted November 5, 1959, and the garden now comprises 58 trees representing original members of the United Nations.

The garden's purpose is to endeavor to show how the various kinds of trees can be compatible. Why not man!

### One for the Scrapbook

MRS. STELLA MOORE  
Alden, Kans.

TOGETHER is a most inspirational and enlightening magazine, but may I say that for the laughable and ridiculous side I do so enjoy the Charles M. Schulz cartoons. They are delightful. The one on page 53 of our March issue has gone into my scrapbook.

### CAMERA CLIQUE

**Planning Ahead:** If you are planning to record history or merely make a record of your vacation, you would be wise to follow some steps Art Editor Floyd A. Johnson took when he set out to make camera sketches for the watercolors illustrating *In the Footsteps of Asbury*.

First consult your local library and read all you can about the area you are going to visit. Write for tourist information about the states and cities on your proposed route; ask for brochures at travel bureaus. Make notes of the places that interest you. Are they outdoor or indoor scenes? Have your motor club or one of the gasoline firms offering such services route you to the places you want to visit. They will tell you where there are detours or obstructions.

With this information, you can plan your stops, including the hour of arrival best for photographs. This will help you decide what equipment and film will be needed (take sufficient film—it is time lost if you have to hunt for film while on tour.) A tripod is best if you will be using a telephoto lens; a wide-angle lens does a better job in cramped interiors; a light meter can solve tricky light problems (and a wife or son or daughter to help lug the stuff can free your hands at times of picture-taking!).

Remember, too, that many attractions require written permission before you can take pictures. Some are not open all the time. A note in advance will usually solve these problems.

And keep your car locked and your equipment out of sight at all times—some people do yield to temptation.

Planning for pictures still guarantees the best results. Now, on your way—and the best of weather and traveling to you!

### PICTURE CREDITS

Second Cover—Raymond W. Cripps • Page 1—Methodist Information • 3—Bill Strode • 10-11—UPI • 13—2nd Row L., 3rd Row R.—ABC; Top and 2nd Rows R., 3rd, 4th, and 5th Rows L.—CBS; Top Row L., 4th and 5th Rows R.—NBC • 26—Michigan State University • 29—Moffett, Chicago • 31—Courtesy, Look Magazine • 44 Top—Charles H. Cooper, Bot.—Oregon State University • 45 Top—Bob McCullough, Bot.—Columbia Artists Management, Inc. • 57—Simpson College • 61—Church World Service (NCC) • Third Cover—Ted Walls • 19-20-21-22-41-42-46-47-48-49-50-53-72—George P. Miller.

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# The Kitten Who Went to the Wedding

By MARY E. GROSS



*Ermine's tail twitched angrily. Didn't Jean Marie remember he was a part of the wedding, too?*

ERMINE was a fluffy, white kitten with a black tip on his right ear and a black spot over his right eye.

He belonged to a little girl named Jean Marie. All day long, every day, they played together. But this morning something was different.

Where was Jean Marie, who always came to watch him lap his morning milk? What was all the excitement?

Then Ermine remembered. This was the day of the wedding. Jean Marie had told him about it.

Jean Marie's big sister, Linda, was being married to Harold, that nice, young man who sometimes brought catnip. The wedding was to take place in a church with music and flowers and dozens of people.

"And I'm going to be flower girl!" Jean Marie had told Ermine excitedly. She would wear a white organdy dress and carry a little basket of flowers from which to

strew petals before the happy bride.

"It's all very exciting! And Ermine," she had added, "I'm sure you are invited, too."

Ermine didn't want to miss anything. He quickly lapped his milk and padded upstairs toward the excitement.

Ten minutes later Jean Marie placed him firmly on her bed.

"Naughty Ermine," she scolded. "Don't you know better than to play cat-and-mouse with Daddy's bow tie and lose Mommy's earring under the radiator and hook your claws into Linda's veil? Now stay right here and be good." Jean Marie went out and shut the door.

The tip of Ermine's tail twitched angrily. Didn't Jean Marie remember he was a part of the wedding, too? She'll be sorry, thought Ermine. I'm going to hide where she'll never find me again.

On the bedside table stood a

basket of flower petals. The spicy smells reminded him of the catnip Harold sometimes brought, and the basket looked very much like the one he slept in down in the kitchen.

The flower petals and spongy stuff in the bottom of the basket were cool and soft. Ermine curled down under the petals, and before he knew it, he was asleep . . .

When he awoke, the basket was joggling. Music boomed all around.

He pushed up first the black tip of his right ear, then the black spot above his right eye, then his whole tiny face, and peered out. People began pointing and smiling.

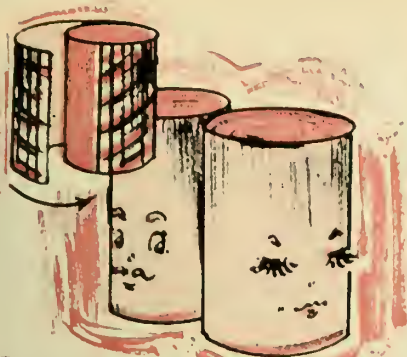
Jean Marie, who was carrying the basket, was strewing petals before the bride as they all marched with dignity down the church aisle.

Then Jean Marie looked down at him and winked. Ermine purred.

Now he knew—he was a part of the wedding! □



# Decorated Boxes as Gifts



**Salt Box Hat Stands**  
Use paper to cover & design.

YOU CAN make attractive gifts for the bride and groom, or for birthdays or anniversaries by decorating various kinds of boxes with wallpaper and pretty fabrics.

Obtain an old wallpaper sample book from a store that sells wallpaper (gift wrapping paper also is nice), and any scraps of silk, satin, taffeta, chintz, upholstery fabric, or other materials, and some glue or paste.

Carefully cut the wallpaper to fit the outside of a box, remembering to allow one half to one inch overlap for pasting. Line some of the boxes with a piece of taffeta, chintz, or what have you. Use paint in some places and cut initials out of foil for added touches.

Use your imagination. Almost every box has possibilities. —Vera Channels

**Pin Cup...from a typewriter ribbon container.** Paint out the lettering. Cut out a flower or design and paste on lid.



**Wastebasket ...from a potato chip can or five gallon ice cream carton.**

For the den, use wool tweed. Cut letters from leather-finished paper.



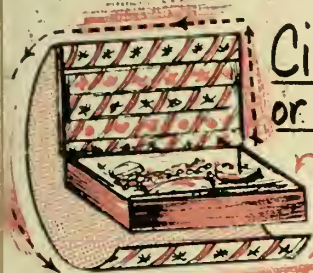
Use lace and taffeta for a bedroom wastebasket.



**Cigar Box Jewelry or Glove Holder.**

Paste contrasting pieces of material on ends. Line box with

taffeta or satin. Attach a yarn loop to open and close box.



## Pencil Magic

With only a pencil, my fingers, and care,  
I set upon paper what never was there.  
On white, waiting paper, I draw a black line,  
Broaden it here, there slant it fine,  
Darken it there, here shade it light.

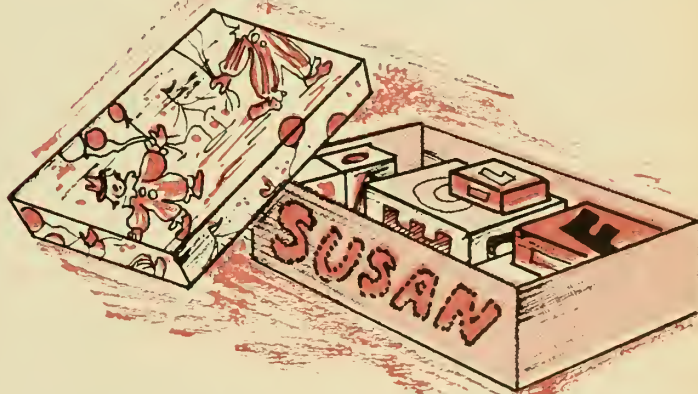
I want it exactly, just perfectly right.  
I'm making a horse with a blow-away tail,  
With a billowed-out mane like a ship in full sail,  
And on him a knight with lance at full tilt;  
Here is his sword—pearls on its hilt!

Line upon line curved with great care . . .  
Soon they'll be finished, this galloping pair.  
How strange to be making, with nothing but lead,  
Something that's only inside of my head,  
To watch it take shape as though in midair—  
Pencil for wand, I make it appear.

Magic it is. Magician I'll be,  
Whenever I'm drawing the things that I see.

—LOU ANN WELTE

## Child's Nest of Boxes



Cover with colorful wallpaper and fabric a number of boxes that fit inside each other — and all inside one big box. Paint or paste large size ABC's on sides and tops.





Is thy heart right, as  
my heart is with thine?  
Dost thou love and serve  
God? It is enough, I give  
thee the right hand  
of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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# After-Hour Jottings

Speaking of journals, blackberries, women, and paintings . . . as we intend to do . . . Bishop Francis Asbury wasn't the only Methodist who kept a journal while traveling through the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania. Mrs. **Mildred Johnson** also kept one there as she accompanied her husband, **TOGETHER's** art editor, whose watercolors appear on pages 33-40. In some respects, Mrs. Johnson—former Missouri farm girl, flower-lover, and good cook to boot—outshines the matter-of-fact father of Methodism in America himself. Certainly he never noted:



The Johnsons: Color slides, too!

"Blackberry bushes are a profusion of white blossoms covering the hillsides and roadsides. Many a good cobbler and jelly for the winter will come from these."

Now this seemingly innocent paragraph won't mean a thing if you aren't an old blackberry-picker. But it sent our imagination out with a couple of tin buckets to search the fencerows and woodland trails of long ago for summer's wild, free, and flavorful reward, the humble blackberry. We can still hear the red and black berries plop into the bottom of the buckets; we can feel the briars as we push into patches

where the biggest berries hang just out of reach. Later, forgetting chigger bites, sore fingers, and calories, we poured rich blackberry juice over homemade ice cream, and dug into a steaming cobbler swimming in melted butter.

Aside from that, Mrs. Johnson's day-to-day account of the tour was a valuable aid to Associate Editor **H. B. Teeter** as he put text and modern background in **Floyd A. Johnson's** series of pictures. Mrs. Johnson concludes that "this beautiful and interesting trip made me appreciate what Bishop Asbury did for Methodism. . . ." She was so impressed, in fact, that she worked up a program for her Woman's Society showing slides and shamelessly scooping **TOGETHER**.

**Polly Mudge Holmes**, author of *A Leaven in the Loaf* [page 41], writes us: "Would you like to make me the wife of the chaplain-elect of Rocky Mountain College, Billings, Mont.?" Well, to tell the truth, she is—and will be when her husband, the Rev. **Robert Holmes**, goes to the Methodist-related college to take the post this fall. Now residing at Dixon, Calif., he has served Methodist pastorates elsewhere in the West, but Polly tells us they are particularly fond of Montana . . . And while we're speaking of women: the author of *His Congregation Is Behind Bars* [page 19] wasn't **Carol M. Doig** when she wrote the article in March. She was none other than Associate Editor **Carol D. Muller**. Another magazine journalist, **Ivan Doig**, edited Carol's by-line in a marriage ceremony at Howes Chapel, Garrett Theological Seminary, one day last April.

This month's cover is a campus scene at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., one spot the Johnsons visited on their Asbury tour of the Wyoming Valley. A Methodist-related school, one of scores throughout the nation, it has a co-ed enrollment of about 500. Founded in 1844, too late to have been visited by Bishop Asbury, it is the kind of institution that came into existence because pioneer Methodists inspired the building of schools as well as churches. —YOUR EDITORS

## TOGETHER—the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

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# A Petunia-Geranium Party

A CHURCH MAY be old or small, even poor, but it does not have to be ugly. In fact, a church beautification program can be both simple and inexpensive—as one Methodist congregation in Seville, Ohio, found when the children held their first petunia-geranium party there four years ago.

Each summer since then, the church lawn on a tree-shaded street comes alive with varied colors and fragrances. About 45 children, grades one to six, usually participate in the June plantings. Each buys and plants his own flower, marking it with his name on a Popsicle stick beside the plant.

More than church beautification, the annual petunia-geranium parties produce certain fringe benefits, Seville church-school teachers believe. Flowers help the children “become more aware of God’s plan for beauty in a lovely world,” and give them a sense of belonging in the church.

“We deeply believe we can teach as much with beauty as with words,” writes Mrs. DeWitt Kelly, wife of the lay leader. “Our church is grateful for the imagination and enthusiasm of our dedicated church-school teachers.” □



*Making their church look like someone there cares: In Seville, Ohio (population about 1,200), these children spend a sunny June morning digging holes and planting flowers.*



*Debbie Kuhn and Carol Martin may be admiring the beauty of their flowers—or, perhaps, they are dreaming of the cookies and punch waiting for them after the work is done.*





## NOW HIS EDUCATION BEGINS

The formal education is completed, and he has learned one important fact—you never stop learning. TOGETHER is one of the things that will help keep the learning going. Young church members and old find TOGETHER a constant source of enlightenment. A knowledgeable and informed laity is a valuable asset to any church. Encourage the members of your congregation to keep informed with TOGETHER.

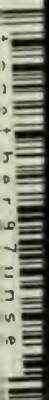
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